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LYRICS.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.



*Why should I sigh when sorrow's cloud,
Gathering, obscures life's little day! —*

PHILADELPHIA,

H. C. CAREY AND J. LEA:

((And))

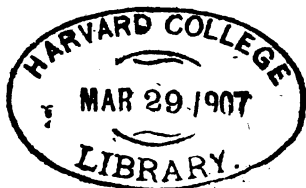
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NEW YORK.

1822.

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THIS book consists, in part, of pieces written since the publication of my Poems the last Spring; the remainder are selected from a volume of my early metricals published two years since, of which the edition is now exhausted.

SEPTEMBER, 1822.



LYRIS.

To THEE, dear Vision! Genius of the lyre!
Thou blest Invisible, that fancy doth inspire,
Thou fair Unknown, that oft celestially,
Hath cheered this bosom with thy minstrelsy;
To thee, that reckless lov'st to roam among
Elysian groves and carol Pleasure's song,
Soothing attendant of my lonely hours,
That oft on tears hath scattered balmy flowers;
To thee I wake the tributary lay,
And o'er thy fairy haunts, with lingering step
would stray.

Thou knowest how sweet, how ever dear to me,
The hallowed moments, given to bliss and thee;
How oft, when worn with toil, or vexed with care,
To thee I've flown and found a solace there.
When converse charmed not, mirth no smile could
lend,
When lone affection felt without a friend,
In thy soft murmurs have I sought relief,
Then care seemed baseless, all disquiet brief;

The minstrel woke and inspiration stole,
 With wavy breathing o'er his trembling soul;
 Memory would stray o'er bowers to childhood known,
 And still would smile and sigh o'er visions once its
 own.

Fancy with thee, would climb the sacred hill,
 Seek Sharon's shade,—by sweet Siloa's rill
 Would ponder lone and from the holy tomb,
 Pluck the wild flower that buds in living bloom.

Thanks dear Inspirer! love is well thy due;
 'Tis all I have—'tis much, for O 'tis true;
 A lowly meed, a humble lot is mine,
 Though still I offer at Contentment's shrine;
 And this is all—I would not avarice' spoil,
 While thou remainest, sweet nymph! companion of
 my toil.

I LONG had loved thee, thou wast dearer far
 Than all mortality beside could boast;
 My pride, my glory, thou, my chosen star.
 I loved thee well, but I do love thee most
 Since the sad time, that sickness writhed this frame;
 For well do I remember all the care

Which, gathering round thee, clouded thy young
brow,

The while thou lean'dst o'er me, with looks the same
Of tenderness, that first taught me to bow
At goodness' shrine, a willing votary there.
A wife—what tie, love! can with this compare,
Best of God's gifts!—where all of loveliness
Is given, to soothe the sojourner below?
O, hard his passage through life's wilderness
Who knows not Woman to assuage his wo!

I long had loved thee, and in early hours
Thy image came along with beauty blended;
Then Pleasure beckoned me unto her bowers,
While all of sunshine on my steps attended.
Dearest! I sought thee in youth's halcyon day,
Yet more I prize thee, now the mellow ray
Of calm enjoyment, gently steals along,
Gilding with sober tint, our humble way.
Remote from all the bustle of the throng,
Our home is in each other, and the din
Of pomp and splendour, love! we shall not heed;
The world is not for us, and those within
Who seek their aliment, are rich indeed;
To us is given the soul soothing song
And love to bless,—we ask no other need.

Though fond of retrospect, and I confess
That on the past I've gaz'd with dear delight,

And, much reviewing, marked new cause to bless
 Heaven and thee, love! yet with fonder ken
 Thought glances onward to the coming night,
 The softly stealing night of being, when
 We two shall downward tread the narrow vale
 Which shadows forth into Eternity,—
 The pathway fraught with Eden's primal balm,
 Leading to heights of peace, where travellers see
 The lightning fork below, but feel no harm;
 And hear the tempest rave, no storms can them as-
 sail.

While hand in hand we journey on, how sweet
 The converse of departed hours! the tale
 Of other days will 'guile our pilgrim feet.

BEFORE me lies the troublous deep,
 Life's ocean, tost by many a storm;
 Behind me, hushed, the billows sleep,
 Whose calm, wild winds no more deform.

I tempted childhood's laughing wave
 And reckless toyed with danger nigh,
 I trod upon the gaping grave
 And smiled at fear, yet knew not why.

In youth I sought a brighter path,
 Yet paused to gaze at childhood's beam;
 Fled was the angry lightning's scathe,
 For peaceful is love's early dream.

What dangers press on manhood's prow!
 His barque is tost by every gale,
 The shoals of folly thicken now,
 And perils rise, and cares assail;—

Yet manhood past, how slight appear
 The terrors strown on manhood's way,
 Night's cowering phantoms disappear,
 And broad and brightly shines the day!

Before me lies the troublous deep,
 The sea which angry waves deform,
 Yet Faith shall bid the billow sleep,
 And Hope shall soar above the storm.

LADY! while gaily opes on you
 The world's alluring witching smile;
 While flowers of every form and hue
 Spring forth, your pathway to beguile,—

O Lady, in the bursting dawn
 Of hope, may real bliss be seen,
 May bland contentment gild your morn,
 And peace be yours at fond SIXTEEN.

Life's but a flower, how frail the bloom!
 It charms without, within is there
 The worm that's nourished to consume,
 The foe of beauty, baneful care :
 Far from your bosom be the cares
 That lurk with cold forbidding mien,
 And, O kind heaven, avert the snares
 Which folly spreads for gay SIXTEEN.

Though cloudless suns for thee may rise,
 And bright the joys that for thee shine;
 O who may tell these beauteous skies,
 These cloudless suns shall long be thine?
 Yet long may these your day illumine,
 And may no storms, with rigour keen,
 Assail the flower that loves to bloom
 On the fair cheek of sweet SIXTEEN.

The fairy form must lose its grace,
 The speaking eye must know decay,
 Time will each youthful charm efface,
 As evening's robe obscures the day;
 Yet while meek candour loves to dwell
 Those lips upon, and truth is seen,

Lady, these graces long shall tell
The fadeless charms of bright SIXTEEN.

Affection cheers our pathway wild,
Yet oft it dies, alas! how soon,—
The star that on Love's morning smiled,
Shines coldly on its dying noon;
Yet Lady! while the chaste caress
Of friendship soothes life's sorrows keen,
O may affection richly bless
Your path, when fled is gay SIXTEEN.



I SAW the Evangelist of God ascend
The holy place. He stood in the beauty
Of meekness—He spake, and on my heart
Fell accents glowing with the prophet's fire.
I heard thee, mighty one! and was afraid,
Yea, trembling, listened; for methought no voice
Of mortal mould could thrill my bosom thus.
O, sweet as angel's music were the tones
Which breathed their Gilead on the wounded heart;
Strengthened the weary,—bade the broken come
To Siloa's fountain and in faith be whole.

I wept o'er blighted hopes,—but thou didst draw,
 A willing captive, my admiring soul
 With thee, to brighter regions, where the dream
 Of full fruition lives, nor is unreal.

I feared Death,—but thou did'st deck the foe
 In lovely garb; with softest beauty clad,
 I saw him beckoning to the narrow house
 Of rest, where spicy odours balm the air,
 And resurrection's halo crowns the dead.

God speed thee, favoured one! thy diadem,
 'Tis wreathed of gentleness, is thick bestrown
 With pearls of nature's forming—they are tears,
 Yea, tears of rapture, holy, and untold.



MY COUNTRY! nations proudly say,
 And long be heard the story,—
 That thou hast risen, the gem of Day,
 The favourite star of glory;—
 And inspiration lends its voice,
 And Time, his veil withholding,
 Bids thee, his cherished one, rejoice,
 Futurity beholding.

The flood of years shall pass, yet lives
 Untouched, thy page recorded;
 Yea, Ages' pyramid revives
 The meed to thee awarded.
 Since pilgrim sires pursued their way
 Across the trackless ocean,
 Escaped from persecution's sway
 And bigotry's commotion;

Since spirit Freedom hither fled
 From regions, where none sought her—
 Her native mountains strewn with dead
 Her vales the bed of slaughter—
 Thou in the plenitude of fame,
 Majestic hath ascended,
 And clustering round thy deathless name
 Are strength and beauty blended.

In contest, the victorious thou,
 On tented field or ocean;
 In peace, the queen whose laurelled brow
 Claims and receives devotion.
 When Freedom fires the bosom, can
 Its resolution falter?
 Never! for here regenerate man
 Rears to his God an altar,

My country! lives there, can there be,
 O'er worth like thine yet glowing—

A soul not thrilled to ecstasy,
 A heart not overflowing?—
 If such—from him, the recreant slave,
 Let hope her heaven sever,
 For him oblivion ope its grave
 With resurrection never.

Hail to thee, home of Liberty!
 Thy sons, thy glory sharing,
 From toils reposing, find in thee
 The fruits of noble daring;
 And when, like autumn fruit, our sires
 Have with the valley blended,
 Be ours the never dying fires
 Which on their shrines descended.



THE dawn hath broke on Solyma,
 Yet in her street sits wan despair;
 Her temple greets the early ray,
 The voice of gladness is not there.—
 Gone forth is the accursed decree;
 Blush Sun! and hide each starry gem,
 For He who claimed your sovereignty
 Wears now the thorny diadem.

Did not from yonder battlement,
 The high archangel bend to weep,
 When crushed with toil, with sorrow spent,
 Immanuel trode the painful steep?
 Was there not anguish known above,
 Say ye that stand before the throne,
 When He, whose every throb was love,
 By man rejected, wept alone?
 Divine Example! let me be
 Patient, when darkling cares invade;
 Resigned, when earthly blessings flee,
 And grateful while enjoyments fade.
 Thou wast rejected!—Son of God,
 Near to the Highest is thy seat;—
 'Tis ours to cross life's stormy flood,
 Give us a place beneath thy feet.

THE RETURN.

THE twilight had fled and the night-lamp alone,
 Illumined the forest and mellowed the shade,
 The song of the cushat and whip-o'-will's moan
 Was over and solitude reigned in the glade;
 Naught was seen save the meteor that speckled the
 gloam,

And the pale starry brilliants that studded the sky,
 Naught was heard save the yell where the forest-
 kings roam,
 The moan-breeze and hoarse murmuring break of
 the foam,
 As the barque o'er its snow mantled breast seemed
 to fly.

'Twas the hour of the heart, to memory dear,
 When fancy, lone wanderer, to the past doth return;
 'Twas sacred to sadness which hallowed the tear,
 As it lingered o'er joys that affection would mourn;
 The BOATMAN absorbed, on the motionless oar,
 Recollection indulging, had gently reclined,
 The oft-wounded billow resounded no more,
 Forgotten the barque and the rock-delving shore,
 For home and its treasures arose on his mind!

From home long a wanderer, he'd traversed the main,
 And far had the Boatman from happiness strayed,
 But now to the woodland returning again,
 The fond smile of hope o'er his rapt vision played;
 And he thought of the cottage that rose in the dell,
 And he thought of the hours that childhood knew
 there,
 And with rapture he thought—but the full bosom's
 swell,
 With emotion forbade what affection might tell;
 The maiden whose glance could beguile every care.

And in fancy the valley that borders the stream,
 To his view seemed as gay, and as sweet shone the star
 As the evening when chaste with a tremulous gleam,
 It played o'er the billow and mantled afar,
 When he clasped the true maid to the heart that re-
 vealed

Its affection sincere by the soft heaving sigh, .
 While she whispered, "we part! but may HE be thy
 shield,

Who alike on the wave and the red battle field,
 To the wanderer forlorn with protection is nigh."

O, sweet are the joys that from innocence flow,
 And pure is the bliss which affection endears,
 If sorrow is nigh 'tis the gilead of wo,
 And the wild-flower of love beams brightest through
 tears;

O Boatman awake! for thy perils are o'er,
 The morn hath illumined the sea's wavy breast,—
 The barque gently grates on the yellow sand shore,
 The valley appears—see! the loved cottage door,
 In the arms of affection the wanderer is blest.



WHEN cold in the dust sleeps this bosom of clay,
 And the captive enlarged wanders lightly and free;
 While it treads the expanse of eternity, say,
 Will it then be a stranger to love and to thee?

O, shall the pure flame which was kindled below,
 From the spark that still burns on the altar above,
 Be quenched in the clime where each breast feels its
 glow,
 Where each harp wakes the theme, and the choral is
 love?

Ah no! in those regions of light and of joy,
 Recollection returning, will friendship prolong;
 We shall know as we're known, and its converse enjoy,
 As we join in the cordon, and mingle the song.

Unclothed with the frailties that fettered us here,
 Each scene of past anguish forgot by us then—
 The cloud that has hovered, will there disappear,
 And the sunshine it veiled will illumine again.

Freed alike from each sorrow that reigned in the
 breast,

- And the bliss that shone dimly or sparkled on care;
 The revealings of joy will but quicken its zest,
 Immortality seal what it ne'er can impair!

SONG OF THE MARINER.

WE go down on the face of the waters, the Sea,
 The bankless, the fathomless world, is ours;

But though on the wings of the morning we flee,
Can we hide from the ken of HIM, whose decree
Is heard on the main when the night-storm lowers?

We go down on the face of the waters, there
Unimaginable, dreadful secrets are known;
'Tis ours to dwell in the lightning's glare,
'Tis ours to be rocked by the wave of despair:
God holds the deep, His ways are unknown.

We go down on the face of the waters, tell—
Tell, is the God of the billows the same
Ye worship, who thunders, and who can dispel
With a smile the evil—whose doings are well?
If thus, we his servants will call on his name.

We go down on the face of the waters, say
Is there place for the mariner, an altar for him,
To render oblations of sacrifice?—may
The dweller in ships to Jehovah pray,
When the heart is melted and the eye is dim?

We adore one Omnipotent, whose will hath spread,
Sprinkled with gems, yon canopy;
In whose hands are the ashes of the dead,
Whose majesty lightens ocean's bed;
Where the contrite is, Omnipresence will be.

Then ye who assemble in temples of hands,
 Forget not, forget not the mariner far;
 When borne by the billow to distant lands,
 In perils, benighted on temptation's sands,
 Deliver him, Master—shine Bethlehem's star!

22d FEBRUARY.

YE consecrate, my countrymen, the Day
 That gave a patriot to the world—
 That bade truth shine with ever living ray,
 That saw its foes to ruin hurled:

Rejoice! the Spirits of the mighty Dead,
 Bending from bliss, bid you "rejoice;"
 The awful shades of those that fought and bled,
 Require this day the heart and voice.

Tell ye their deeds and bid your offspring know,
 When from her mountain freedom calls,
 The warrior deems him blest who meets the foe,
 And more than recompensed who falls.

Pledge ye the bowl, to those that lowly sleep,
 Where wild flowers deck the soldier's grave;

To those that pillow on the foaming deep
Pledge ye the bowl—'tis to the brave!

Go, breathe **HIS NAME**, that name beloved so well;
Go tell his worth to virtue dear;—
Let every heart with generous feeling swell,
Let each in silence give the tear.

THE ALBION.

THE NEW-YORK PACKET SHIP ALBION, CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, ON HER PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL, WAS LOST IN A STORM ON THE IRISH COAST OFF GARRETSTOWN, NEAR THE OLD POINT OF KINSALE, ON THE 22D OF APRIL, 1822, AND ALL ON BOARD, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF NINE, WERE LOST. SHE SAILED FROM NEW-YORK, ON THE FIRST OF APRIL, WITH A CREW OF 24 MEN, AND 28 PASSENGERS.

THE storm is weathered, and the fiend Despair,
Who the long weary day stood sullen by,
Hath fled. And now is heard the frequent prayer
From grateful altars wafted; in each eye
Hope lights her beacon,—busy fancy now
Sketches fond scenes of bliss, for port is near;—
The proud ship cleaves the foam with steady prow,
The sea-boy sings of home, by peril made more dear.

'Tis deathly slumber, sure, not calm repose,—
 The sleep of agony hath seized them; why
 Else this deep lethargy? O, can ye close
 Your lids, when Desolation marches by?
 Of quiet dream, when horror waits ye soon?—
 Waken, ye tempest tost! Wherefore?—the wave,
 Whose altitude mocks heaven, rolling on,
 Will soon receive ye,—ready is your coral grave.

The morning smiles, the breeze is fraught with balm,
 Hibernia seems freshly from the main
 To spring, beauteous and young. Nature is calm,—
 Far, far, unruffled, spreads the billowy plain,
 God's handy work, the world of waters, where
 The elements disport, and He is seen
 In strength pavilioned, on His cloudy car,
 Riding the wild night storm, and humbling this ter-
 rene.

The morning smiles, the ocean billow sleeps,—
 But where the tall ship that late ploughed its breast,
 The gallant ALBION?—Pity, shuddering weeps;—
 No more,—only, that on the dark wave's crest
 That night, at times, were dimly seen, 'tis said,
 Some forms of misery, whose hands in vain
 Were lift imploring,—they sank with the dead,—
 And piteous cries and shrieks were heard,—'twas
 still again.

* * * * *

Yet THOU,* the child of feeling, shalt receive
 The tribute of warm tears. Around thy name
 Mercy will twine her never-fading wreath,
 Fairer than trophies won by heirs of fame.
 Thou gav'st what ocean had denied, a shroud,
 With rights of sepulture. I am yet proud
 Of mankind, for thy sake, God's benizon
 On thee!—the deed shall live when thy sand, too,
 hath run.

THOSE eyes that beam so beauteous bright,
 And all the heaven within declare,
 May set, ere long, in starless night
 Or kindle with demoniac glare.

The thrilling voice, oft heard to bless,
 Whose accents memory would prolong,
 May tell the story of distress,
 Or warble sorrow's broken song.

That heart where feeling holds its throne,
 Which fondly beats to love and me,
 Cold as the unsunned marble stone,
 May lie in frigid apathy.

* JACOB MARK, Esq. U. S. Consul at Kinsale.

Lord of all good! thy fiat spake
 To birth, the blessings that I have;—
 Lord of all worlds! 'tis thou canst take
 Again, the boon that mercy gave:

Take all, but hear my earnest prayer,
 'Tis breathed in tears, reject it not,—
 Take all—but let me never share
 The hopeless, soulless MANIAC's lot.

DEATH OF STARK.

HE died,—he fell in the winter of years,
 On the couch of the tomb he hath pillowed his head;
 And fled hath sorrow, and fled have fears,
 For sorrow and fears dwell not with the dead.

On the green hill-side they made his grave,
 There the oak, the tree of his country grows;
 His bed is holy—'tis the bed of the brave,
 His slumber is calm—'tis the warrior's repose.

And sweet be thy visions, thy slumbers profound,
 And bright be the halo that circles thy brow;
 In the thickest of battle thy place was found,
 The wreath is deathless that decks thee now.

To thy country, the prime of thy manhood was given,
 'Mid the foremost thy shining sword was drawn;
 Thou stood'st a pillar—approving Heaven
 Beheld, and put the foe to scorn.

When the palsy of years had scathed thy form,
 And thy head was crowned with the snow of age;
 When Poverty came, thou met'st the storm,
 And in greatness of soul defied its rage.

The traveller sought thy desolate cot,
 And he wept o'er the wreck of valour there;
 The fire of youth had left thee not,
 Thy country, thy idol, was still thy prayer.

Adieu to the dead!—the spirits of those
 Who soared on the battle, see! they vanish away;
 The warriors have gone to the land of repose,
 Our fathers, our fathers!—O, where are they?



WHY do I love thee?
 Maiden, will you tell—
 Why hast thou round me
 Fastened thy spell?

Is it thy fairy form,
 Graceful and gay?
 Is it thy jet locks,
 Where light Sylphs play?

Is it thy dark eye,
 Bright as Gazelle,
 Is it the bosom sigh,
 When fond thoughts dwell?
 No! the sigh believing,
 Too late finds the youth,
 That love is deceiving,
 That vows are untruth.

The fairy form it is not,
 Graceful and gay;
 The jet locks it is not,
 Where light Sylphs play;
 The glance it may not be
 From eyes deemed divine,
 Though orbs I may not see
 Brighter than thine.

But maiden, thy bosom 'tis
 Where truth is throned Queen,
 Where attendant, the graces,
 Are with modesty seen;

'Tis thy heart, dear Enchantress!
 So yielding, yet true—
 It witchery of tenderness
 Binds me to you.

DARKLY o'er thee, Palestine!
 Hangs the mystic veil of night,
 Land of Shinar! grief is thine,
 Quenched the glory of thy light,—
 Where is now the promise given
 To thy Sires of ancient day?
 Where! O where! the lamp of heaven,
 To direct the wanderer's way?

Ye who, favoured, saw HIM, tell
 Of His mien, beyond compare;
 Ye who marked Him when he fell,
 Say, was not the Godhead there?
 Yet he writhed beneath the rod—
 Anguish sat upon his brow—
 Men have triumphed in his blood,
 And the marble holds him now.

Wherefore then the golden beam,
 Springing up the eastern sky;
 Bright, yet soft as morning's dream,
 When night's empire passes by?

Wherefore then the choral hymn,
 Floating on the wavy air—
 Why hath op'd the marble tomb?
JESUS sleeps no longer there!

He hath risen—crushed his power—
 Lo! in dust the arch-fiend lies;
 He hath risen—glorious hour!
 We who sleep in Him shall rise;
 Welcome death! each sorrow closing,
 Now thy features smiles do wear;
 Welcome grave! to flesh reposing,
JESUS is the victor there.

MOLOCH had fall'n and Satan wept
 To see his shrines alone;
 His rites in dark oblivion slept
 And worshipless his throne.
 Around him thronged the peers of hell
 Intent on curst debate,
 Yet naught could Satan's ire dispel
 Or sooth the monarch's hate;—

'Till Belial, a tall fiend, arose,
 And urged his fell design,—
 And triumph, Chief! he said, thy foes
 Shall own a mightier shrine;

What though the vale of Hinnom boasts
 No more its thousands dead,
 Or Topheth sees no more its hosts
 Through fire and slaughter led:

On Moloch's ruin, lo! appears
 A new descended god,
 Whose robe is gemmed with Orphan's tears,
 Whose sceptre reeks with blood;
 Altars shall rise in every clime
 To this divinity,
 And as he hastens, hoary Time
 Shall untold votaries see.

He spake;—with shouts the conclave rang,
 Hell trembled with acclaim;
 A god, a god descends they sang,
 Let Honour be his name!
 Columbia, willing, owns his sway,
 And for her Proud and Brave,
 He digs, impatient for his prey,
 The DUELLIST's cold grave.

I FAIN would know if she who lately fled
 Far from this dream of sad reality,
 Whose mortal shroud, inurned with the dead,
 Recks not of that which quaffs eternity,—

I fain would know whether the happy one,
 Forgetting self, in retrospection's glance
 Returns not fondly to the scenes well known,
 And quits its heaven awhile, to enjoy the pleasing
 trance.

For when the spirit, borne on wings of bliss,
 Seeks the glad confines of empyrion sky,
 Some tender fibre binds her yet to this
 Dear spot,—somewhat of earth she bears on high;
 The object, here beloved, is loved in heaven,
 The graces that have charmed once, fade not there;
 To her, to sooth the sojourner 'tis given,
 And they who stay to weep, are the departed's care.

For something whispered, when I saw her die,
 “Thy friend departs not,—she will hover near,”—
 Yes, and the smile that lingered in that eye,
 Assured this heart she would its anguish cheer;
 And I believe, for while at night I wept
 Affection's tribute to affection gone,
 And fancy sadly hovered where she slept,
 And widowed tears dropt on the cold moist stone;

Methought some presence,—sure it was my love!
 Unseen, breathed gilead on my festering smart;
 Unheard, spake consolation to my soul,—
 Upon my grief poured solace of above,
 And bidding him, once broken, to be whole,
 Left Resignation in my wounded heart.

OCCASIONAL.

WRITTEN FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

COULD angel choirs demand of earth
 A theme to gratulate the throne,
 Nobler than young creation's birth,
 Sweeter than heaven's wide vault hath known,—
 Could the redeemed lay by their palms,
 And cast their glittering honours down;
 To take a robe of lovelier charms,
 To wear a brighter, fairer crown:

The theme is found—'tis charity;
 'Tis charity, Jehovah's theme!
 The robe is wove—eternity
 Shall brighten and reflect its beam;
 Blest is the man, whose mite is given,
 To feed God's poor—though small the boon
 Shall his reward be lost?—yon heaven
 With heaven's tall throne shall sink as soon.

Yet more exalted he, who shares
 The unwearied teacher's holy toil,
 Who plants the seed, whose daily prayers,
 Whose midnight tears refresh the soil;
 Yea, higher shall his seat be found,
 Who makes these chosen lambs his care;
 Richer the gems that gird him round,
 The tear of pity will be there.

TO THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

THOU lovely blushing flower!
 In sweets arrayed—
 Queen of a short lived hour,
 Why thus afraid?

Emblem of modesty,
 Thou shrink'st with dread;
 When we but gaze on thee,
 Thou hid'st thy head.

Type of the cultured mind,
 With feeling blest;
 Thou fliest the touch unkind,
 Rudely imprest.

Longing for added life,
 Dost thou not know
 'Tis but a scene of strife—
 A dream of wo?

Content thee, floweret! few
 Are boasted years;
 And frequent as thy dew,
 Are youthful tears.

Like thee, with morn we smile,
 And pleasure breathe;
 But languid, droop erewhile,
 And weep at eve.

Yet with new impulse strong,
 May I from thee
 Learn to aspire, and long
 For immortality.

THE LAST VETERAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

I SAW the hoary warrior chief,
 Whose sternly proud, but blighted form,
 Proclaimed him worn with bitter grief,
 An oak amid the pelting storm.

Of those whose crimson tide embrued
 The fields where Albion's glory fell;
 Of those who oft undaunted stood,
 When cannons pealed the hero's knell—

He was the last—the only head
 Was his, that waved with wintry bloom;
 Surviving all, for all had sped,
 They slept in honour's laurelled tomb.

He gazed—alas! he gazed in vain,
 To meet the comrades of his toil;
 Copatriots on the gory plain,
 Companions in the victor spoil.

All, all around was sad and drear,
 And naught could grief of years beguile;
 For him, condolence had no tear,
 For him, affection wore no smile.

I saw—and lo! the warrior slept;
 The war-worn veteran joined the brave;
 The Genius of Columbia wept,
 And freedom's wreath bedecked his grave.



TO A LILY HALF BLOWN.

LOVELY blossom! welcome here,
 Floweret that I love so well;
 Fairest of the gay parterre,
 Lily of the silver bell!

In the low sequestered dale,
 Sheltered from the mountain storm,
 Sweetest of the sylvan vale,
 Spring unfolds thy slender form.

Dearer far thy virgin hue,
 Shrinking from the gaze of light,
 Than the rose which loves to shew,
 Conscious beauties to the sight.

In retirement still concealed,
 Type of modesty art thou;
 To the graces half revealed,
 We, delighted, willing bow.

Bloom, O bloom, thou lovely flower!
 Fairest of the laughing dell;
 Queen of Flora's native bower,
 Lily of the silver bell!

HOME of my youth! with fond delight,
 On thee doth recollection dwell;
 Home of my youth! how gaily bright,
 The scenes that childhood loved so well.

Cot of my fathers! well I know,
 The spot that saw my infant dawn;
 Near the green lane, the old elm row—
 The village spire—the grassy lawn.

O! sweet to me the laughing hours,
 When earth seemed gay, and heaven was fair;
 When fancy culled her thornless flowers,
 And pleasure reigned, unknown to care.

Home of my youth! this heart away,
 Recals those moments dear to me;
 Often in dreams will memory stray,
 Home of my youth—to weep o'er thee.



THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

THERE is a strain whose soothing charm,
 Unknown to fancy's ear,
 Breathes o'er the soul a sacred balm,
 And angels bend to hear;
 'Tis when with meekly lifted eye,
 That beams parental care,
 With humble faith, and hallowed sigh,
 Ascends the Mother's Prayer!

When childhood treads its devious way,
 With thorny flowerets strewed;
 When youth with folly loves to stray,
 A stranger still to God;—

To Him, the source of sure relief,
 The suppliant doth repair;
 She casts on Him her secret grief,
 Who hears the Mother's Prayer!

In manhood's prime the anxious heart,
 Attends their footsteps still;
 In all their pleasure bears a part,
 And weeps the wayward ill;
 While agonized with fear and love,
 And ever watchful care,
 Like incense sweet, ascends above,
 The pious Mother's Prayer!

And while devotion, fear dispels,
 With holy hope assured,
 Some kind commissioned spirit tells,
 "Thy vows of faith are heard!"
 O, rich the meed that heaven bestows,
 To bless maternal care;
 And large the stream of love that flows,
 Called by a Mother's Prayer!

LAND of the Patriot! thy symbol adorns,
 With lustre serene, the horizon afar;
 On the mantle of night undiminished it burns,
 And the dawning appears, long foretold by the star.

Gem of the south! thy pure glories display,
 New charms to the nations that slumber in gloom;
 As cheered with thy influence, and warmed by thy
 ray,
 They view the young tendril now ripen to bloom.

When despoiled of her altar, fair Liberty left
 The land whose dark rites did its lustre impair,
 On the pinions of time borne afar to thy cleft,
 She pierced the thick veil and discovered it there.

Though wild was the havoc that crimsoned thy plain,
 And dimmed is the sceptre thy Genius had won;
 The Inca descended, will sway it again,
 And Freedom shall guard thee, the child of the Sun!

Land of the Patriot! the halo revealed
 On the deeds of thy chiefs shall with ages increase;
 The temple of glory shall rise unconcealed,
 And hecatombs bleed on the altar of Peace.

TO A WITHERED LEAF.

I saw thee eddying on the air,
 Thou lonely fallen leaf;
 I marked thy hue, it once was fair,
 But ah, thy reign how brief!

'Twas lately that in summer tide,
 Thou wav'st on yonder tree;
 I saw thee shine in dewy pride,
 When morning beamed on thee.

How humble now, thy lowly lot,
 Neglected and alone;
 Thy form and hue remembered not,
 Thy summer day hath flown!
 And such I said, our chequered state,
 And such affection's doom,
 It charms awhile, but wayward fate,
 Despoils the fairy bloom.

The morning beams that seem to bless,
 Too soon are veiled in tears;
 The smiles that glow when joys caress,
 Retire, when grief appears:
 Like thine, lone leaf, by storms bereft,
 The tints of summer fly;
 And sorrow's hapless child is left
 To droop awhile—and die!



Go! little pledge of love sincere,
 To sweet ELIZA fly;
 Wet with affection's early tear,
 The drop of sympathy.

Go tell her this fraternal heart,
 To her remembrance true—
 Hath in her sorrows borne a part,
 And felt the arrow too.

Go tell her, though with grief opprest,
 It sighs o'er pleasures flown,
 'This bosom care will sweetly rest:
 Her love is all its own!

And whisper—though we meet no more,
 On earth no converse share
 Yet joined again on yonder shore,
 We'll bow together there.



THERE are, whose bosoms glow in Solitude,
 Not Solitude of base misanthropy,—
 With bliss, on which the gay cannot intrude,
 With thoughts that revel in eternity.

Then heaven is nigh, and the world's feverish dream,
 And passion's storm, grief's tumults disappear;
 Peace looks out smiling with celestial beam,
 And hope's fond ray illumines the latent tear.

As, there are moments, when with winning power,
 Retirement claims the willing soul for God;
 How privileged! to tread at such an hour
 The hallowed path that folly never trode.

But fly, ye guilty! from these shades profound;
 Ye votaries! approach not to the throne,
 Who, reckless, stray in dissipation's round,
 Who shun the sabbath of a heart alone.

The fadeless flower that retrospection rears,
 And loves to rear, is night-shade, rank, to you,
 Memory, whose glance hath penetrated years,
 With scorpion sting will your retreat pursue.

Fly to that world which ye have loved so well,
 Arrest its shadows,—all its pleasures share,
 Then ask seclusion, 'what are they?'—she'll tell,
 Death to the soul, and food for curst despair!



THE scenes of gay childhood, to me ever dear,
 Often smile o'er the prospect in memory's dream;
 Then the valley and mountain enchanting appear,
 And broadly meanders Connecticut's stream!

'Twas there, dearest BROTHER! when autumn had
prest

Its fingers of gold on the lawn and the wood,
While our hearts were reposing, in sympathy blest,
We wandered as free as the billow we loved.

'Twas charming! and O how delightful the hour,
As we strayed where Northampton* arose to the view;
While fancy culled fragrance from each budding
flower,
We smiled at the sketch that futurity drew.

With the freshness of morning we welcomed the sun,
When his beam on the oak-mantled eminence played;
And often in sadness we wandered at noon,
Where the poplars lent awe to the cemetery's shade.

O! I wish not the heart that could carelessly stray
Where thy landscapes, old Hampshire! in verdure
appear;
O'er its chill can no glimpse of tranquility play,
It knows not the pang, nor the bliss of a tear.

Land of his Fathers! the minstrel still loves thee,
And fain would his numbers display all thy sweets;
Though sorrow now claims him, a wanderer far
from thee,
His heart-pulse is true, and to childhood it beats.

* A romantic village on the Connecticut River.

Like a ray of calm sunshine 'mid life's gathering ills,
 Joy breaks on the pilgrim, in memory's dream;
 And in vision he roams o'er his own native hills,
 And rambles again by Connecticut's stream.

TO *****,

ON PRESENTING HIS INFANT AT THE FONT.

THAT cherub bloom which vies the rose,
 Was wet with fond paternal tears;
 The love that but a parent knows,
 Hath 'dewed the child of hopes and fears,

With rapture hath the father prest
 Those parting lips of coral hue,
 While, pillowed on the mother's breast,
 Her wistful smile hath blest it too.

But other dews have wet that brow,
 And other, brighter gems are there;
 The drops that from the altar flow—
 The tears of mingled faith and prayer.

Sweet the emotions that reveal
 Affection's ever living flood,
 But lovelier—holier is the seal
 That consecrates the child to God.

SHIP OF THE DEAD.

The following fragment is from a legend of a former century. 'The sun was just rising above the horizon, and a few thick clouds were gathered on the pinnacles of the surrounding hills. As the travellers ascended a pile of granite rocks called the Templesk anzel, they saw in the distance before them among volumes of white clouds, which rolled like the billows of a hazy ocean, a semblance of a ship with bare masts, and human figures scattered on the deck. Young Hermanwald saw his companion grow pale, and fix his eyes intently on the apparition which gradually sunk and disappeared. They pursued their way toward the Worm Mountains, conversing on the spectre of the Braken, which has been for so many years the wonder of rustic Hanoverians, and the speculation of curious travellers. Hermanwald had wit and science, and he talked ingeniously of those deceptions of the atmosphere, and that morbid state of the brain, which, without either prejudice or superstition, may combine to form certain images.'

WHAT barque glides remote on the bosom of air?
'Mid the storm cloud she rides, yet no seaman is
there,

No banners are floating, no canvass is spread,
Her freight is untold, 'tis the Ship of the Dead!

All slowly she mounts on the foam of the wind,
And the breezes of ether are scattered behind;
No wave curls its mountain, no seas wet her bow,
Yet proud is her motion and gallant her prow.

Her bulwark is crimsoned with eddies of blood;
 The corpses are seen where the foemen have stood;
 And those who have vanquished, or fell in the fight,
 Repose in dull sleep on the pillow of night.

The harp of the formless hath wakened its wail;
 The dirge of the wandering is heard on the gale;
 'Tis the song of the viewless that night-vigils keep,
 The requiem of those that repose in the deep.

When the monarch of morning shines bright on the
 wave,
 When the wind-gods rejoice o'er the mariner's grave,
 The shepherd of Hartz views afar with lone dread,
 On the billowless zephyr, the Ship of the Dead!

HAIL, beauteous Spring!
 Thou queen of flowers!
 Who smiles doth bring
 From pleasure's fairy bowers;
Hail, beauteous Spring!
 Parent of virgin dews;
 With thee is seen
 The dance, and laughing Muse!

Hail, beauteous Spring!
 We greet thy halcyon reign;
 Thy vocal choirs
 Shall wake the groves again:
 Thy song we hear,
 At eve and early morn,
 When rosy May
 With Flora, treads the lawn.

Hail, beauteous Spring!
 Daughter of youthful Love;
 'Tis thou dost bring,
 Joy to the mated dove!
 Man owns thy genial sway,
 Sweet peace beguiles,—
 Hail to thee, beauteous Spring!
 Mother of smiles!

THE foundering barque by tempests tost,
 Engulphed in ocean's foaming wave;
 While clinging to the splintered mast,
 The sea-boy marks the billowy grave—
 O say, why beams that glance of wo,
 While steals adown the stranger tear;
 Is it his fate he mourns?—ah no,
 'Tis one afar, to memory dear!

While climbing o'er the shattered lee,
 The panting seamen, 'nighted, reel;
 As rudely lashed by every sea,
 Each timber shivers to the keel—
 Why falters now the accent low,
 That once each shipmate heart could cheer?
 Is it appalling danger?—no!
 'Tis one afar, to memory dear!

When pitying mercy calms the gale,
 And gently lulls the wavy storm;
 While breezes press the stiffened sail,
 And hope revives, with fancy warm—
 O say, why smiles the sea-boy so,
 As something whispers—"port is near!"
 Is it for self he joys?—ah no,
 'Tis one afar, to memory dear!

I MARKED the calm moment when slowly descending,
 Yon orb robed in splendour sunk low to its rest;
 While the pale lingering ray with the night-shadow
 blending,
 Still mantled afar as it played in the west:

I sighed, but methought that in glory appearing,
 Those beams will return and new lustre display;

Again will illume, and mortality cheering,
Break forth in the pride and effulgence of day.

I saw the companion in beauty late blooming,
The roses had withered that once flourished fair;
Those lips late so lovely the clay hue assuming,
Were sealed up in death, yet a smile lingered there:

I wept—but FAITH said, at the latter day dawning,
Affection again, will its counterpart see;
This smile is the prescience of that holy morning,
Which shall call my companion, pure, sinless and
free.



THE DEAF AND DUMB.

YE kind Benevolent! that know,
Of intellectual bliss the sum;
Ye whose expanded feelings glow,
O smile upon the Deaf and Dumb!

On them the storms have rudely blown,
They wither on the breast of even,
Receive the flowerets to your own,
Their fragrance will ascend to heaven.

O let these too, in knowledge share,
 From the waste mind let darkness flee,
 Bid the bright day-beam kindle there,
 The lamp of immortality!

Though soothing blandishment ne'er cheers
 Their solitude, nor utterance kind,
 Yet mutual sympathy is theirs
 The language of the kindred mind;

And this shall bless you—and the tear,
 Nature's pure accent—will reveal,
 Emotions undefined—yet dear,
 The tribute that the heart can feel.

Yes! and the bosom whispered prayer,
 Of Innocence shall rise, while some
 Winged messenger, to God, shall bear,
 The offering of the Deaf and Dumb!



MY FATHER! though the early summer flower,
 Hath often bloomed and withered o'er thy clay;
 Though years have wandered since the eventful hour,
 I saw them bear thy dear remains away:
 Though potent time hath dried the briny tear,
 That artless childhood dropped upon thy bier;

Yet dost thou in fond memory claim a place,
 Those features mild, this heart yet loves to trace,
 And recollection yet beholds thy form,
 Hears the loved voice where once instruction grew,
 Still marks the pressure of affection warm,
 And feels the heart-wrung tear, his youthful cheek
 bedew.

If now, thou bend'st from yon ethereal plain,
 Where angels worship in exalted bliss;
 Or wanderest near thy well known bowers again,
 To soothe the mourner,—then my Father! this,
 O this I ask, that thou with accents mild,
 Wouldst whisper blessings on thy stricken child;
 O guide his steps—though viewless, guard his way,
 Thy wonted counsels stamp upon his heart,
 Strengthen each virtue, seek him, when astray
 He wanders thoughtless, from the lamp of day;
 Reclaim his foot steps, and sweet peace impart.
 Thus, O my Father! shall he rise like thee,
 To shine above, from night and bitter sorrow free.

THE COLOMBIAN FLAG.

WHAT Meteor burns clear on the bosom of night,
 What trophy illumines the horizon afar?
 'Tis the flag of the brave—beaming herald of light!
 The symbol of glory, Colombia's Star!

It waves o'er the fortress where tyranny's yoke,
 Had crushed with oppression the soul of the Free,
 On the ruins of crime where the death-spell is broke,
 It banners triumphant, Grenada, o'er thee!

In the vallies of Quito the symbol is seen,
 The soil of the Patriot is dewed with a tear,
 It streams o'er the mountain with aspect serene,
 And the tempests of night, in rebuke disappear;
 A far to the breeze, see! it floats on the mast,
 Where commerce unshackled, revives her domain,
 The pledge of the future—the dread of the past,
 Full proudly it waves o'er the land and the main.

Let the tyrant-heart tremble, when Liberty calls!
 His myrmidons shrink at the triumph of fame,
 While the watchword of Freedom the despot appals,
 The Spaniard restored, shall her honours proclaim.
 We hail the proud Flag to COLUMBIA's strand,
 Where the plaudit of millions, bids welcome again
 To the symbol of hope on the billow and land,
 The triple-striped banner of Peace and New-Spain!

MY MOTHER! I remember well,
 The anxious eye, the accent dear;
 The smile that could each grief dispel,
 The love that hushed my infant tear.

My Mother! recollection still,
 Reviews those hours of care to thee;
 When these frail limbs were racked with ill,
 And all, but thou, seemed blank to me.

How patient didst thou near my bed,
 Thy morn and nightly vigils keep;
 And glad, forget thy aching head,
 When thou hadst soothed my woes to sleep.

How oft the sigh thy heart distress,
 When I unconscious, moaned my grief;
 And O what rapture warmed thy breast,
 When nourished there, I found relief.

And when by heaven and thee restored,
 Again I sought my mother's smile;
 How didst thou bless the Eternal God,
 Whose love had spared me yet awhile!

When youth delighted still to stray,
 Allured by pleasure, beckoning, fair;
 With tears didst thou direct my way,
 And wept for me the midnight prayer.

Yes, O my Mother! memory well
 Revives the look, the accent dear,
 The smile that could my grief dispel,
 The love that hushed my infant tear.

DECATUR'S GRAVE.

WHY weeps the Muse her glory fled?
 Why droops Columbia's Genius so?
 The laurel wreath is sear and dead;
DECATUR's gallant form is low!
 Ye hoary warriors! hither bring
 Your tribute to the kindred brave;
 Ye beauteous maidens! haste and fling
 Your chaplets o'er **DECATUR's GRAVE.**

Let those depart, who tear away
 The wreath that marks a godlike soul;
 Let those depart, who chide the lay,
 And for one error blot the scroll,—
 Approach! ye generous, feeling few,
 Where selfishness can ne'er intrude;
 Approach—**DECATUR's** grave bedew;
 Sweet are the tears of Gratitude!

The hero mingles with the dust,
 But glory shrines his deathless fame;
 The tomb receives its hallowed trust,
 But unborn ages breathe his name!
 Yes mighty dead! in every breast,
 Thou still shalt live, to memory dear;
 This turf by virgin footsteps prest,
 Shall witness sorrow's dewy tear!

Hither will Sympathy repair,
 To deck her favourite's early tomb;
 While Charity, with aspect fair,
 Will mantle thy untimely doom;
 Farewell! the gem that hailed thy morn,
 Now sunk beneath the western sky,—
 Will wake for thee a brighter dawn,
 The star of Glory ne'er can die!

I HAVE watched the calm billow when twilight had
 flown,
 And the pale evening star sweetly played on its
 breast,
 When zephyr had slumbered, I've marked the low
 moan,
 Steal on the rapt soul like the songs of the blest.

'Twas the Wail of the Deep! when from ocean's dark
 cave,
 The god of the waters, of bodiless form;
 Emerged in his anger to mountain the wave,
 Rejoicing in spoil as he rode on the storm!

O drear is the strife when the portent is nigh!
 O sad is the plaining that calls to the dead!

The wide waste of waters responds to the cry—
The shriek of the wretch, as he sinks to its bed.

When high in yon vault walks the empress of night,
And on the lone billow the star-ray doth sleep,—
From slumber the sea-boy is roused with affright,
And lists with pale dread to the Wail of the Deep!

TRIBUTARY,

C — C — or M —

'Tis past! the voyage of life is o'er,
The wanderer hails another clime;
On perils borne to yonder shore,
He views afar the waves of time;
The storm that muttered o'er his head,
The flame that quivered round his path,
Are sweetly hushed, the cloud hath fled,
And gone the angry lightning's scathe.

'Tis past! and grief is changed to songs
That Angel cordons love to hear;
The harp that to delight belongs,
In softest murmur soothes his ear;
The secret sigh that rent his breast,
Now breathes of balmy peace alone,
The tear that told the heart oppress,
Is gemmed around the eternal throne.

Blest voyager! how happy thou,
 Safe moored within the port of peace;
 Once heir of death—immortal now,
 Of pain—thy toils forever cease;
 O may I too, thus sweetly rise,
 Thus tread yon bright empyrion free;
 With joy regain those native skies,
 Secure at last, in love like thee.

FEAST OF THE DEAD.

ONTARIO! thy billow hath sunk to its rest,
 The mantle of twilight envelops thy wave;
 On the forest of pines sleeps the gleam of the west,
 And the breeze of the mountain hath fled to its cave.

Near yon beetling rock, see the tall Indian glide!
 His barque cleaves the flood with the speed of the
 foe;
 The warrior is there—but no spear decks his side;
 The hatchet is buried, unbent is the bow!

Hark! hark—'tis the death-song that swells on the
 gale,
 All wild is the cadence, and mournful the strain;

'Tis the war-whoop that bids the dark foeman assail,
 'Tis the cry whose dread signal hath crimsoned the
 plain!

O say what red ruin illumines the gloam,
 What foes skulk in ambush, or rush to the deed?
 What youth scalped in slaughter, what captive shall
 roam,
 What Chief, cruel fate! in the wigwam shall bleed?

No red ruin tells that the foeman is nigh,
 No whiteman shall languish a captive afar,
 The chieftain at midnight hath uttered the cry,
 The death-song is echoed, but hushed is the war!

'Tis the Feast of the Dead*—see! in yon lonely isle,
 The Iroquois weep o'er the bones of the slain;
 The remnants of valor, the war-trophied spoil,
 Are gathered afar, from the valley and plain.

They weep, as the relics of time and the grave,
 All hideous, and mournful, the night-fires disclose;
 They hymn the exploits of the Werowance brave;
 They howl the sad requiem of lasting repose!

* It is well known that the ceremony of disintering their deceased relatives, at certain periods, was peculiar to the Aborigines of this country. The affection of the untutored Indian, thus displayed, is striking.

The dawn is advancing! all hushed is the cry;
 The souls, long departed, flee lonely and far;
 Naught is heard but the billow responding its sigh,
 Naught is seen but the twinkling of night's fading
 star.

RUINS OF JAMES TOWN, VIRGINIA.

WRITTEN WHILE PASSING DOWN JAMES RIVER.

THE town sleeps in ruins, and solitude reigns,
 Where nature once smiled with the aspect of day;
 Drear night broods alone o'er the valley and plains,
 And thy shores, Powhatàn! naught but sadness
 display.

The tribute fair Princess* that rose to thy fame,
 The memorial so dear to affection, and thee,
 Is scattered afar, and none but the name,
 To tell that thy soul was as generous as free.

Ah! wild is the woodland, and dreary the clift,
 No more shall the huntsman come hither to roam,
 By the grey touch of years, of each charm 'tis bereft,
 Desolation is trophied where once was a home!

* Pocahontas.

Lorn now is the structure once hallowed by prayer,
 No longer the organ is heard in the aisle,
 The ivy is festooned, the cypress blooms there,
 And the lonely night-bird nestles sad in the spoil.

In the clefts of the tombstone, the tall grass is green,
 The shrub and the lilach commingle their shade;
 'Mid the moss-woven fragments the yew tree is seen,
 It hallows the spot where the fathers are laid!

The relics of sorrow are scattered around,
 The wild flowerets shade them, the thistles appear,
 But the heart of affection revisits the mound,
 The traveller returns, and indulges the tear.

Thou dust of my fathers! still soft be your bed,
 Revered be the trophies which memory endears:
 Ye ruins that hallow the place of the dead,
 Your remembrance shall live while virtue hath tears.

THE KIDNAPPER.

His brow was dark, and sternly there
 The deed of midnight frowned;
 His eye was sunk, its lurid glare
 Spoke cruelty enthroned.

I saw his wretched victim borne
 To yonder slave-ship's hold;
 From home, from wife, from children torn,
 The sacrifice to gold.

In vain the sire, the mother plead,
 He mocked with cruel taunt;
 To shame, to generous pity dead,
 His heart was adamant.

Just Heaven! I said, shall Avarice' stain
 Pollute my natal soil—
 Hath Godlike freedom reared in vain,
 Her crest on slavery's spoil?

Descend Humanity! and dwell
 With MAN, subdued by thee;
 Then shall the Afric proudly tell,
 Columbia! thou art free!

TO THE MISSOURI.

ROLL vast Missouri! roll thy mighty wave,
 Where savage mountains skirt the southern sea,
 In foaming pride, the woodless desert lave,
 Where nature cleaves its rugged breast for thee.

Queen of the waters! waft to Indian shores,
The fruitful tribute of a generous soil;
Where genius triumphs, where rich plenty pours,
The glad exuberance of honest toil.

Go mighty billow! bear to Nature's child,
The noblest boon compassion can bestow;
Improving arts, diffusive knowledge mild,
The living fount whence happiness should flow.

Go tell the wretch, the Whiteman yet can feel,
He yet can weep the wrongs that avarice gave;
Though deep the wound, the Calumet shall heal,
The Peace-branch blossom o'er the hatchet's grave.

Roll on—uncrimsoned with pollution's stain,
The crime of Freemen still unknown to thee,—
To latest ages fertilize the plain,
That proudly boasts the Ethiopean free!

Roll mighty billow! future golden time,
Shall greet an empire on thy smiling shore;
Thither shall nations from each distant clime,
The proud oblation to Columbia pour.

WHEN the distant war-drum's beat,
 Calls the soldier far away,
 Death in tented fields to meet,
 Glory in the battle fray—
 Why, O why, the stealing tear?
 Whence, O whence, the struggling sigh?
 Soldiers cannot yield to fear;
 Warriors ne'er can dread to die!

When the din of strife is o'er,
 When the battle-tempests cease;
 When the cannon's brazen roar
 Yields to sweeter notes of peace—
 Why, O why, at rapture's dream,
 Throbs the youthful bosom so?
 Whence, O whence, that April gleam,
 Playing on the scars of wo?

'Tis youthful Love!—the magic, blest!
 Ever trembling, ever fair;
 Love inspires the soldier's breast,
 Love—sweet wanderer! nestles there;
 This with throbbing impulse beats,
 This at parting brings the tear;
 This the April smile that greets,
 When the scenes of love appear.

TO A WEEPING WILLOW.

**LONE tree! thy shade of hallowed green,
Where moaning zephyrs gently play,
In chastened sadness still is seen,
The summer day.**

But yet unlike the fitful ill,
That yields to sympathy's relief,
In sorrow, droops unceasing still,
Thy mournful leaf.

Full well I love thy deepening shade,
And when bright Phœbus wakes the morn,
When pearly dew-drops gem the glade,
Or eve the lawn—

To thee, a friend, will I repair,
While fancy treads her vagrant mood,
Or memory wanders, thou shalt share
My solitude.

I'll tell thee all that thought employs,
Will draw from recollection's store,
Of early love—of youthful joys,
That smile no more.

And when in death I calmly sleep,
 And 'neath thy shade forgotten lie,
 Thou wilt kind vigils hold, and weep
 My memory.

'Tis not in dreams of pleasure,
 That real bliss doth dwell;
 'Tis not in hoards of treasure,
 That fancy builds her cell—

Within the fairy bower
 Of Woman's smile 'tis seen;
 'Tis virgin love's wild-flower,
 That charms with beauteous mien.

Delight sincere reposes,
 In beauty's kindling eye;
 Sweeter than summer roses,
 Is beauty's nectared sigh!

Then may each true endeavour,
 With beauty's smile be blest;
 Affection pillow ever
 On Woman's faithful breast.

FATE OF THE PILOT BOAT.

‘DURING the late war with England, the Patriot pilot boat was despatched to Charleston for the purpose of bringing to New-York Mrs. ALLSTON, lady of the then governor of South Carolina, and daughter of Colonel Burr, formerly Vice President of the United States. Mrs. Allston was in a delicate state of health at the time, and unable to travel by land. From the time she embarked and sailed from Charleston, no tidings whatever had been heard of the vessel or any one on board. Notwithstanding the weather was mild and favourable, for several days after the vessel left Charleston, and such as to render her loss mysterious, no other idea of the melancholy circumstance prevailed, than that the vessel must have foundered at sea, or run under during a chase.

But the mystery was at length developed. Two of the PIRATES sentenced to suffer death at New-Orleans, in the spring of 1820, confessed that they composed part of the crew of the above pilot boat Patriot! That after being at sea two or three days and near the shore, they rose upon the captain and passengers, and confined them below; and after plundering the passengers of a considerable sum of money and plate, belonging mostly to Mrs. Allston, they launched the boat and scuttled the vessel, which soon filled and went down, with the unfortunate inmates confined below! The dreadful tragedy was performed in the dead of night. These wretches succeeded in reaching the shore with the boat, and had thus far escaped detection and punishment for this horrible crime!’

THE night was lone, and the star-ray slept,
 All bright on wave and lea;
 And the tempest-king drear vigils kept,
 O'er the wide Atlantic sea.

The night was lone, and the murmuring train
 Of slumber stole along;
 And softly whispering o'er the main,
 Was borne the sea-boy's song.

He sang of home, and the simple charms
 The cot of his fathers knew;
 He sang of the joy of a mother's arms,
 And he sang of the maiden true.

The note was wild, but the artless lay,
 His **DIRGE!** should soon be o'er:
 His bosom was light, but ere the day,
 That bosom should beat no more!

The ship was proud, and gallant her trim,
 Her banner swept the wave;
 But ere the lamps of heaven grew dim,
 That flag should deck her grave!

The **FEMALE** watched the beauteous star,
 As o'er the blue waste it shone;
 And busy memory strayed afar,
 And fancy sighed alone.

She thought of bliss, and fairy home,
 And affection's smiling store;
 But ah! fond love, and a husband's dome,
 That bosom should know no more.

For the pirate crew in revelry,
 Had drunk to the dreadful deed,
 And the murderers swore right jovially,
 The innocent heart should bleed!

At the midnight hour was heard the cry,
 The shriek of fell despair;
 At dawn was hushed the billowy sigh,
 And the pale moon glimmered fair.

But the wind-god saw the deed of hell,
 When the fiends forsook the deck;
 He saw the barque as it slowly fell,
 'Till it sank—a viewless wreck!

At midnight-hour, when the sea-boy's song
 Is hushed—in lonely dread,
 He hears sweet music steal along—
 'Tis the moan of the hapless dead!

I KNEW the boy, and he was such an one
 As we can dearly love, nor question why;
 Of fragile form, yet fair, methinks the sun
 Ne'er shone upon a lovelier, his eye
 Sparkled with hope and innocence, delight
 Dwelt in his motions, every thought was joy;

Gentle in heart, attractive to the sight,
 Death! how could'st thou such comeliness destroy?

I saw him flushed with health, the opening rose
 Was not more sweet, his cheek had stol'n its hue,—
 On his fair brow sat childhood's calm repose;
 His budding lip, surcharged with freshest dew,
 Spake promise of long days, we fondly said
 These charms will flourish,—many a genial spring
 Invigorating, will kind influence shed,
 Ripening the plant, and full perfection bring.

I saw him in the agonizing hour,
 When Pain was struggling with its victim, there
 Was loveliness remaining, though the power
 Of fell disease, had blighted what was fair;—
 He knew me not,—already had he flown
 In thought, to his empyrean, and ere
 Some cherub called, “away!” he sought the throne;—
 What should the traveller know of sorrow here?

I saw him,—but the last long strife was o'er!—
 'Twas hard, for Death had lingered with the blow,
 Reluctant, seeming:—pale he was, but more
 Of beauty have I never seen, the foe,
 Unwilling to deface so sweet a germ,
 Had left heaven's impress on the sleeping clay,—
 There reigned, sublime, eternity's deep calm,
 Death sat, a smiling victor, on his prey.

'BROTHER!—Here were we born. These forests are made dear to us, by the recollections of childhood. Where can we find again the pleasant place of our youth? Here are our burial grounds. Can we say to the bones of our fathers, Rise and go with us into a foreign land!'

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

SHALL the warrior flee his home?
 Shall the Chief, a stranger, roam?
 Will the Whiteman in his wrath,
 Chase the Indian from his path?
 Wanderer, from his lakes removed,
 Exile from the shades he loved?—
 Who shall hurl the ready spear?—
 Who transfix the flying deer?
 Who the buffalo will meet?
 Hunted from his dark retreat,—
 Who shall guide the swift canoe?
 Barb the arrow—bend the yew?
 Shall the Spirit of the mountain,
 Guardian of the vale and fountain,
 Lend him victory when afar—
 Spoil and glory in the war?
 Ah, shall he leave his father's clay?
 To the hallowed ashes say,
 Rise! forsake your native bed—
 Rise—the Desolate have fled!

TO A. P. HEINRICH,

AUTHOR OF 'THE DAWNING OF MUSIC.'

BARD of the varied Lyre!
 Whose thrill so exquisite, so holy,
 Hath often kindled Fancy's fire,
 And soothed sad Melancholy:

Bard of the magic song!
 Whose strain to nature true,
 Draws the rapt soul along,
 And bids the Essence blest, ethereal joys renew:
 In care's drear wilderness,
 Sweetly doth beguile;
 Softens the rugged brow,
 And on distress,
 Calls Resignation's smile,
 I hail thee now!

The Muse would pay the tribute due,
 To numbers sweet as thine;
 This heart would bless the impulse true,
 Thine own is feeling's shrine;
 Thou too, hath sighed, and sympathy
 Doth grief to thee endear;
 Thou too, hath wept! and misery
 Still claims from thee the tear.

When to the Western wild,
 The Minstrel-Bard shall stray,
 Descend! THOU INFLUENCE mild!
 And guard the wanderer's way.

In solitude's lone hour,
 When memory shall return,
 And griefs of other days
 The stricken heart will mourn,—
 With sacred soothing power,
 O calm his soul!
 With MUSIC bid him rise
 To yon empyrean skies,
 Where thunders, softened, roll,
 The clime without a cloud, where tempests
 never lour!

WHEN the cold sleep of death shall envelop this clay,
 And the damps of the grave dew this brow;
 When the smile blooms no longer, and far, far away,
 Flies the spirit that lightens it now:

I ask not the trophies of grandeur to shrine
 The dust, that with dust fain would blend;
 I ask not for lays—be the Cenotaph mine,
 The remembrance—the tears of a FRIEND.

SARATOGA.

HERE the foemen, in conflict, have met,
 When Revenge bade the death-brand to draw,
 On the plains which their life-crimson wet,
 The heroes have rushed to the war;
 Saw ye not the proud banneret gory?
 The flag of the patriot free—
 The meteor exhaling to glory?
 It shone, SARATOGA! on thee.

'Twas the hour when dimly the star
 Of AMERICA, glimmered on night,
 When the death-drum, and hughle, afar,
 Called the chieftain away to the fight;
 The links of curst thralldom, to sever,
 The Champions of Freedom arose—
 'Till oppression was scattered, should never
 The sword in its scabbard repose!

With devotion the traveller here,
 O'er the relics of valor would tread;
 He gives to their prowess the tear,
 It moistens the place of the dead;
 Revered be the incense—'tis holy!
 Ever green be the warrior's grave;
 Columbia! cherish the glory,
 That haloes the deeds of the brave!

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?**HOLY WRIT.**

Not he that basks in fortune's ray,
Of proud unfeeling soul;
Not he whom sycophants obey,
Who rules with wide control:

Not he that seeks my open door,
With fair profession free;
Not he that takes my daily store,
And shares his mite with me:

Not he that with the name of friend
Is prompt at every need;
Not he that kindness doth intend,
Yet falters in the deed:

Not he, though prized, for whom the sweets
Of fellowship, are known;
Not he for whom this bosom beats,
Who calls its love his own:

But he, whose miseries proclaim,
That naught but tears are his;
He, he alone can boast the name,
And he my Neighbour is.

TO G—— E——,

ON HIS RENOUNCING THE CHRISTIAN, FOR THE MOHAMMEDAN FAITH.

WHY, in error's wilds astray,
 Youth, aspiring, art thou found?
 Why forsake the former way,
 Tempting thus, forbidden ground?
 Wears Mohammed's glittering crown,
 Pageant, stained with guiltless blood,—
 Truer glories than have shone,
 Shone around the Son of God?

Beams the robe of Moorish mail
 Brighter than the Christian's gem?
 Lovelier glows the crescent pale,
 Than the star of Bethlehem?
 Youth, return! the Prophet's shrine
 Burns not with descended flame;
 Youth! the incense is not thine,
 Incense of a Saviour's name.

In the contrite heart is seen
 Treasures, known not to thy heaven;
 Yea the tears of Magdalene
 Dim the charms to Houries given.
 Songs of mirth are thine—to me
 Dearer is the music holy,
 Such as lone Gethsemane
 Breathes in tones of melancholy.

Blossoms Sharon's shady bower,
 Fairer than thy sensual seat;
 Loftier rises Salem's tower,
 Than Stamboul's proud minaret.
 Haste thee to yon bannered steep
 Where the Iman beckons thee,
 Haste thee!—I will go to weep
 At the foot of Calvary.

TRIBUTARY,

G——— W———, OF THE U. S. FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

FAREWELL! and if the frequent tear
 Of those, once loved, be for thee shed,
 Although it wets no costly bier,
 Nor gems the gorgeous marbled bed,—

Spirit! it consecrates the tomb,
 Where youth's fair buds of promise lie;
 Nourished by this, in beauteous bloom
 The floweret lives, no more to die.

Farewell! and if the sigh be given
 For hopes, that early sank to rest,
 Though borne not by the winds of heaven
 To him, whose couch is ocean's breast,—

Spirit! that bosom-sigh hath flown
 In meekness, on the wings of prayer;
 Wafted to yonder sapphire throne,
 It finds for thee, acceptance there!

We saw thee not, though thine was pain,
 We knew not ill, though thou hadst fled;
 We smiled to meet thee here again,
 And fondly dreamed—when thou wast dead.

Thou liv'st!—we will not, cannot grieve,
 Hope shows thee to our longing sight,
 For, taught by thee, we gladly leave
 These stormy seas, for shores of light.

THE MISSION.

HARK! from yon wilds is heard the strain
 Of joy, and praise, ascending high;
 The song of Zion cheers the plain,
 The desert breathes the contrite's sigh!

To OSAGE climes the Whitemen go—
 No deeds of conquest mark their way;
 The high behest is theirs to show
 Redemption to the tribes that stray.

A herald leads the martyrs hence,
 'Tis Mercy's gem awakes the dawn,—
 The star that hailed Omnipotence,
 Proclaims the blest millennial morn!

They mark the sign to yonder land,
 It points to perils and a tomb,—
 They go!—on the devoted band,
 The dews of Zion shed perfume.

With prayers they shake the idol's throne,
 The Indian to our God inclines;
 The forest hears a sound unknown,
 The Cross surmounts the western pines!

Raise your glad songs, ye choirs! on high,
 Salvation to the heathen flows—
 Ye Pæans! roll along the sky,
 The desert blossoms like the rose.

THESE STANZAS WERE OCCASIONED BY HEARING MRS. FRENCH SING AT
 A CONCERT, THE OBJECT OF WHICH WAS BENEVOLENCE.

I LISTENED—for celestially,
 It stole along the air,
 Methought the hallowed minstrelsy,
 Of Seraphim was there.

I listened—for 'twas Beauty breathed,
 The fascinating swell,—
 'Twas blooming innocence, that sighed
 The airs that sweetly fell.

I listened—for the soothing strain,
 Would banish heartfelt wo:
 From want, and sorrow's hapless train,
 Bid tears of rapture flow.

I listened—as subdued I heard,
 The bosom-thrilling song,—
 Methought that CHARITY appeared,
 And dwelt the chords among.

When Music wakes to ecstasy,
 And bids compassion move;
 O then 'tis heaven's own harmony,
 For heaven is naught but love!



DEATH-BED OF THE PIOUS.

THERE is a smile of purer ray,
 Than fancy's features wear;
 A flame whose wavy pinions play,
 With glow divinely fair:

There is a holy, vestal calm,
 That breathes of bliss and heaven;
 A solitude of lovelier charm,
 Than dews the wing of even:

There is a bright, a pleasing hour,
 When all is love serene;
 When angels whisper from their bower,
 And joys untold are seen:

That smile on Faith's pale brow hath shone,
 That calm is yielding breath;
 That hour of hallowed peace is known
 Around the bed of Death.



TO MISS A. C——,

ON HER RETURN TO NEW-ENGLAND.

You go, fair Amelia! those regions to bless,
 Where the sun of your youth brightly shone;
 Where affection bestowed the paternal caress,
 Where childhood's dear visions were known.

You go! and fond pleasure illumines with its smile,
 Those eyes of sweet sympathy's hue;
 You go! but what dream shall our bosoms beguile,
 Enchanted no longer by you?

OCCASIONAL.

HYMNS WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING AND CLOSE OF A CHURCH JUDICATORY.

IRRADIATE THOU! although thy throne
Is based upon revolving spheres,
Though attributes are thine alone
In number, countless as thy years,—
Though 'neath thy feet is darkness spread,
There the hushed thunders, trembling, lie,—
Though in thy presence, fraught with dread,
The unveiled worshipper may die,—

Yet we, O GOD! a feeble band,
In Jesus, may acceptance claim;
Yet we, the creatures of thy hand,
May come, and breathe a FATHER's name!
Lord of Assemblies! O inspire
Our hearts with eloquence of prayer;
From yonder temple waft the fire,
That glows upon thine altar there.

While we approach the mercy-seat,
Once hidden, but in Christ restored,
And tread with unassuming feet,
The place of Holiest to the Lord,—

Hear 'Thou in heaven, and O impart
 Some ray that burns and cheers above,
 The thrill that tells us where THOU art,
 Dread UNCREATE! is light and love.

Thou art Almighty—we are dust,—
 Thou art All-seeing,—finite we,
 In judgment erring,—THOU art just,
 Fountain of strength! we draw from thee;—
 Shine on our councils,—Rise, thou Star
 Of David, chase the night away!
 Bid Faith's strong vision look afar
 To THEE, the LIGHT, the TRUTH, the WAY!

II.

FATHER! thine altar reared above,
 Burns bright before the viewless throne;
 We bring the sacrifice of love,
 The fire descends from Thee alone.

Ages, untold, with Thee combine,
 Yet mortals would thy notice share;
 The sinless Cherub guards thy shrine,
 Yet dust would claim acceptance there.

We come, and while the broken heart,
 Yields thine own incense,—sorrow's tear,—
 Father! thou wilt not bid 'depart!'
 The MAN of Nazareth, thou wilt hear.

Once more in flesh, before thy seat,
 Dweller in Light! behold, 'we pray!'
 We ask thy lamp to guide our feet,
 Pillar of heaven! glide on the way.

Our strength is weakness,—sourceless God!
 Thy children's Trust from age to age,
 Look on our labours, own thy Word,
 And give thy Son his heritage.

We part,—O Thou Eternal Dove!
 Radiance! that once on Jesus shone,
 Descend, heal every breach of love,
 With kindly unction of thine own.

We part!—the oft frequented place,
 Once known, shall now be known no more;
 United, have we sought Thy face,
 Join us on yon returnless shore.

We part!—Omnipotent Unseen!
 We meet where love with Thee doth dwell;
 Where no dark valley lies between
 'Those who on earth have wept 'farewell.'

THE INCENDIARY.

**His brow is stern, and his cheek is cold,
In his scowl sits fierce despair;
His visage is sunk, his eye is bold,
The deed of darkness is there.**

**For him, affection nurtures no charm,
No tear hath the ruffian shed;
Kind mercy, to him can whisper no balm,
His bosom is seared and dead.**

**For him, no dream of innocence rose,
No rapture can memory impart;
The genial tide of compassion is froze,
Revenge hath withered his heart.**

**The bliss of a home he ne'er can feel,
Its sweets, his curses would blight;
He grasps the brand, and the thirsty steel,
Desolation and death his delight.**

**In the cavern of crime, his haunt is known—
There the furies of blasphemy dwell:
At midnight, the torch of destruction is blown,
And he writhes with the laugh of hell!**

MEMENTO OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

WHEN genius dies, affection's tear
 Impearls the worth it could not save;
 The burst of grief—of memory dear,
 Sighs o'er the dust, and 'dews the grave.

When youth departs, when life's gay bloom,
 Is rudely crushed on pleasure's breast;
 We mourn the tendril's early doom,
 And weep the charms that love carest.

Dear youth! for thee I breathe the sigh,
 Yet whispering Hope beguiles the pain;
 I mourn, but Faith's immortal eye
 Sees regions, where we meet again!

I weep no more—but to thy urn
 Oft wander, by remembrance led;
 And watch thy turf when spring's return,
 Strews the young flow'ret o'er thy bed.



THE soul released from feeble clay,
 Drinks at the fount of living day;
 She basks in fields of bliss above,
 Inflamed with holy, quenchless love;

The objects that each sense refine,
 Spring from the Source of joy divine;
 Their zest, fruition ne'er can pall,
 'Tis lasting as the ALL IN ALL!

Come then! O pleasing—awful hour,
 That frees me from each slavish power;
 Thou Comforter! calm every fear,
 Saviour! O wipe the trembling tear!
 Some sister angel hover nigh,
 Compose my couch—receive the sigh,
 And sweetly whispering, 'Soul, be free!'
 Bear me away, my God! to thee.

WE wander in a thorny maze,
 A vale of doubts and fears;
 A night, illumed with sickly rays,
 A wilderness of tears:
 We wander, bound to empty show,
 The slaves of boasted will;
 We wander, dupes to hope untrue,
 And love to wander still.

We wander,—while unfading joy,
 We ne'er with zest approve;
 The bliss that sparkles to destroy,
 Secures our warmest love;

Some syren leads our steps astray,
 But speaks no peace within;
 We wander in a flowery way,
 We wander, heirs of sin!

We wander—but though oft we roam,
 Led by allurement strong,
 Yet from our heavenly Father's home,
 We would not wander long!
 Cleanse us, O Saviour! from this stain,
 In mercy's living flood;
 Restore the lost, and bring again
 The wanderer back to God!



THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

I saw the hapless orphan child,
 With early grief opprest;
 I marked its look—'twas sad and wild,
 'Twas sorrow rent its breast.

The morning sun, that sweetly shone,
 The clouds of care o'er cast;
 The winds of heaven had rudely blown,
 It shivered in the blast.

I saw—'twas Pity's lovely form,
 Yes, angel WOMAN! thou
 Didst shield the trembler from the storm
 Didst wipe its haggard brow!

With soothing accents, gently drawn,
 To virtue's peaceful home;
 No longer would the wretch forlorn,
 A friendless wanderer roam.

I heard those lips, once wan with wo,
 The Orphan's tribute share;
 Those eyes, I saw, with joy o'erflow,
 Those hands were raised in prayer.

This, said my heart, is sympathy,
 That teacheth kindness still:
 And this the heaven-born Charity,
 That never thinketh ill!



A POET'S EPITAPH.

WANDERER! who mark'st with careless eye,
 The turf that shrouds its kin from view;
 Pause! and a moment, give the sigh,
 Pause—and the lowly spot bedew!

The heart that coldly withers here,
 Was once compassion's sacred throne;
 The bosom, fraught with pity's tear,
 Wept every sorrow but its own.
 His soul was free, and proudly there,
 Glowed the warm throb, unknown to guile;
 With Avarice he disdained to share,
 Or court the haughty rich man's smile.
 For him, arose not pleasure's dream,
 No flower to cheer his path was given;
 Yet keen his bliss, when, Hope his theme,
 He seized the lyre, and found a heaven!
 Weep not! his humble virtues live,
 His errors are recalled no more;
 'Neath the rough storm, too frail to thrive,
 He gladly sought a kindlier shore.

O MARY! take this brilliant gem,
 'Tis from Golconda's richest mine;
 I would it were a diadem,
 Dear maid! the treasure should be thine.

Sparkling with nature's modest glow,
 Unnumbered beauties thou mayst see;
 'Tis chaste as virtue's self, and so
 Sweet girl! it doth resemble thee.

SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARAK.

JUDGES V. 4.

LORD! when thou went'st in might from Seir,
And dreadful march'dst from Edom's field,
The hoary mountains quaked with fear,
Earth trembled at thy burning shield.

Thy wheels were heard, and ocean fled,
The heavens were scrolled beneath thy feet;
The old foundations shook with dread,
When wrath pavilioned round thy seat.

We praise thee, Lord! alone possessest
Of all that's high, or greatly fair;
Though darkness is thy chosen rest,
Yet mercy beams divinely there!

DETESTED deed! how curst are they,
Their plunge in crime, how doubly deep,
Who boast of mild RELIGION's sway,
Yet leave their race in chains to weep!

My country! shall it ever be,
 That thou, escaped from slavery's rod,
 Thou, only happy—only free,
 Shalt barter, too, the price of blood?

Say! shall the offspring of that soil,
 Which smokes e'en now with veteran gore,
 Be sharers in the cruel spoil,
 That desolates the Afric shore?

'Forbid it heaven!' each freeman cries,
 'Forbid it feeling, manhood, shame!'
 Then haste! avert the sacrifice,
 And cleanse thy proud, thy sullied name.

CONGRESS OF 1776.

ILLUSTRIOUS band! whose heaven attested deed,
 Secured existence to a rising world;
 Whose generous hearts were ever prompt to bleed,
 When godlike Liberty her scroll unfurled:

Look down, ye sainted, venerable men,
 And bless the country of your earliest love;
 Inspire your offspring, and O bid again,
 The flame of Virtue every impulse move.

Immortal Patriots! round each awful name,
 I see the halo of unnumbered years,—
 Annals unknown, your mighty worth proclaim,
 And deathless time your memory endears!

Yes, life is but a waste,
 A cheerless pathway, where
 No healthy fruit allures the taste,
 No flowerets balm the air,
 If Love
 The wild rose, ne'er luxuriates there.

Love is a guide, when lorn
 The wanderer is astray,
 'Mid dangers, and no star of dawn
 To smile upon his way;
 'Tis Love
 Burns on the cloud, the gem of day!

Along affliction's coast,
 Hard by despair's grim shoal,
 She shines on him, the tempest tost,
 The light-house of the soul;
 And guides
 Where storms repose, no oceans roll.

O thou Inspirer! who
 Sang to my infancy,
 And half life's rugged journey through
 Hast still attended me,

I consecrate
 My all to thee, to only thee!

When pleasure's mellow note
 Allured me to her bowers,
 'Thou bad'st kind dreams of fancy float
 Along the white-wing'd hours.

Thy smile
 Did'st strew existence' path with flowers.

The lightning crossed my way,
 Thou cam'st and in its scathe,
 I but discerned the tempered ray
 Of Love, around my path,—

A pillar given
 When all was tempest, night and wrath.

Be nigh at the dread hour
 Of nature's utmost need,
 When unknown shadowy worlds appear,
 And unreal scenes recede.

O then the spirit cheer,
 And bid it on its passage speed!

PRAYER,

FOR THE AFRICAN MISSION.

THOU UNCREATE! whose dread decrees
 The elements obey ;
 Who rul'st the tempest and the seas,
 With undivided sway—
 To Thee, Supreme, we raise the prayer,
 In Jesus' name we bow—
 That Thou would'st make the Church thy care,
 And bid Salvation flow.

Be Thou, O God! with those that tread
 The ocean's dangerous way;
 Who go where love hath never shed
 Redemption's living ray.
 God of the billow! O enfold
 Their barque, when dangers rise,
 And light their course, as when of old,
 Thy cloud illumed the skies!

And Thou, who walk'st the mountain foam,
 And still'st the waves to sleep—
 Deign Thou to pillow those that roam,
 And guide them o'er the deep;

From sultry heat and burning waste,
 Protect the little band,
 Shine on each heart, and bid them taste,
 Thy strength in Afric's land.

Thou common Father of mankind!
 O smile upon thine own;
 The Ethiopian's yoke unbind,
 Hear thou the captive's moan;
 The cause, O God! alone is thine,
 We trust the eternal Word,
 And hail thy MISSIONS as the sign,
 That all shall know the Lord!

HAST thou seen the cloud of morning
 Veil with gloom the azure sky?
 Hast thou marked the rosy dawning,
 Wrapt in boding darkness fly?
 Thus each hope is fleeting ever,
 Pleasure meets us, soon to sever!

Hast thou seen—the tempest over—
 Radiant suns again illume;
 Threatening storms no longer hover,
 Nature bud with fresher bloom?
 Thus, through darkest clouds of even,
 Smiles the opening dawn of Heaven!

IN Lebanon the floweret bloomed, with native charms
 arrayed,
 The skies of Eden lent it hue, and Ascalon the shade;
 The breeze of Sharon o'er it sighed, it wept in evening's shower,
 The sunbeam woke, while Hermon's dew impearled
 the beauteous flower.

How proudly rose its graceful stem, like Shenir's
 clustering vine,
 Queen of Engedi's pleasant vale—fair flower of
 Palestine!
 Whither hath now its beauty flown, ah! where the
 rich perfume?
 Why should the lovely floweret fade, why dies its
 early bloom?

The prophet, LORD! beholds no more thy flower its
 sweets disclose—
 The maids of Syria pass away, they shun the drooping
 rose;
 Return! ye genial suns, return—ye dews of heaven
 revive;
 Breathe, O ye zephyrs! on this stem, and bid the
 floweret live!*

* Awake, O north wind, and come thou south! blow upon
 my garden that the spices thereof may flow out.

SUBLIMITY OF GENIUS.

GENIUS, 'mid danger, still is ever seen,
 And courts each object of terrific mien;
 The soul, enwrapt in Fancy's magic power,
 Sees smiles in gloom, and suns where tempests lour;
 Loves the drear solitude, seeks shades of night,
 'Mid stern destruction towers in conscious might;
 In the loud tempest, oft alone would stray,
 And view with strange delight, the forked fluid play.
 Enthusiastic, climbs the dreadful steep,
 With eye intent, to catch the yawning deep;
 While the frail barque on billowy horror rides,
 Studies the curling wave that mounts its quivering
 sides.*

* It was my lot to be intimate with a young artist, now no more, whose uncommon talents, devoted to the pencil, promised him a niche in the rising Temple of American Genius. It was his delight during the fury of the tempest, to gaze on the lightning-cloud, to mark with enthusiasm the furious war, and with rapid sketch arrest the prominent features of the scene. Some of the happiest hours of Henry Kirke White, well known to the lovers of rational poetry, were those of midnight, passed in a deep forest, amid the sublimity of a thunder storm.

GENESIS, v. 24.

HE was not, for God took him.—On the mighty wing
Of the obedient whirlwind, forth, the prophet rode,
'Mid wilds of ether, where no foot had trode;
Where unknown worlds, and suns, revolving, sing.
Favored of the Most High! 'twas thine alone,
Unracked by pangs known to mortality,—
In robes of clay to wander near the throne,
In flesh to enter thine eternity.
Thou walked'st with the Godhead, boon divine,
Unknown to Angels; Christian worshipper!
When nations round thee sought another shrine,
The God of promise claim'd thy homage; ne'er
Could the impious shake thy faith, thy heaven
Began on earth. Though tabernacled here,
Communion high, and vast, to thee was given,
And mystic invitation to thy sphere.

THE DESERTER.

HIS cheek was pale, and wildly there
Was seen the withering blanch of wo;
HIS eye was fixed, its lurid glare
Bespoke the heart's convulsive throes.

I heard the slowly passing knell,
 The fatal moments swiftly sped—
 I shuddered as the signal fell,
 I saw him numbered with the dead!

Unwept, he found an early tomb,
 No kindly hand bestrewed the bier;
 Unknown, he fell in youthful bloom,
 Forgotten was affection's tear.

And such, accursed WAR! I said,
 Thy ills, and such thy hateful stain;
 Nurtured by thee, the heart grows dead,
 And sighing Virtue pleads in vain.

ON Judah's plain the minstrel lyre
 Is hushed, for mirth has winged its flight;
 In Zion's courts the holy fire
 Is quenched, and sorrow veils the night.

No sound disturbs thee, Solyma!
 Save some disciple's lowly moan—
 No lamp illumines yon vaulted way,
 Save one pale orb that burns alone.

'Tis Bethlehem's Star! the holy gem,
That hailed the Godhead from the skies;
'Tis Bethlehem's Star—the diadem,
That tells the Conqueror shall rise!

He rises! and the golden choir
Of angel minstrels, wakes the song!
He rises—mortals catch the fire,
And strains of ecstasy prolong!

I saw the Goddess grasp her wand,
The symbol shone afar;
I saw her rear the severing brand,
The panoply of war.

From Ocean's isle, her hoary seat,
She smote the subject sea;
The billows tumbled at her feet,
Her name was VICTORY.

I saw, beyond Atlanta's wild,
The heir of deathless fame,
Rude Persecution's lovely child,
And VALOUR was her name.

Bright trophies, towering, formed her crest,
 Fresh laurels wreathed her hair;
 'Twas virtue fired her youthful breast,
 'Twas Freedom flourished there.

Unarmed, she dared the dreadful blow,
 She shook Oppression's throne,
 Proud VALOUR met the insulting foe,
 And VICTORY was her own!

VISION OF THE HEBREW.

HABAKKUK III. 3—10.

THE Eternal God, the dread, from Teman came,
 The Holy One from Param, clothed in might!
 His glory shone with everlasting flame—
 His brightness, beaming with effulgent light,
 Dispersed afar the shades of fearful night.

Before him went the pestilential train,
 And burning coals were scattered in his path;
 He stood and measured earth's domain—
 He touched the hills—the hills were rent in twain;
 He saw, and drove his enemies in wrath;
 The mountains fled, the hills, perpetual, bowed,
 And quivering nature sought oblivion's shroud!

I saw the tents of lofty Cushan mourn—
 Proud Midian trembled, of her glory shorn;
 The nations melted when Thou didst appear!
 The waters past, majestically, by—
 The deep was heard—his hands were lifted high:
 Thine arrows gleamed, and with thy shining spear,
 Thou walkedst, O God! to bring thy vengeance
 nigh.

FORSAKEN is Nazareth of fair Galilee,
 The beauty of Israel is scattered abroad;
 No more wakes the timbrel on Gadarene's sea,
 Desolation hath trophied the city of God.

Was it thus, O thou Lonely! in days of thy boast,
 When the lamp of the Mighty illumined afar?
 When the song of the minstrel was heard on thy
 coast,
 When the young dawn appeared, long foretold by the
 star?

Was it thus, O Forsaken! when tidings of love,
 The Cherub that worshipped, proclaimed from the
 skies,—
 Immanuel with mortals! a God from above!
 A Shiloh to Israel—the last Sacrifice?

Return! ye bright ages, to Nazareth given,
 Ye days of the prophet! revisit again,
 When, caught from yon altar, the sun-ray of heaven
 Shall bear peace to nations, and good will to men!

CHARLES H. PARKER.

PARKER! there are flowers for thee,—
 Friendship's hand shall wreath them:
 Parker! there are songs for thee,—
 Memory shall breathe them!
 Hasten, maidens! to his tomb,
 All that's lovely there reposes,—
 Strew the turf with Flora's bloom,
 Strew the bed with early roses!

Thine was pleasure's halcyon morn,
 Thine were skies unclouded;
 Weep! for soon the smiling dawn,
 Was in darkness shrouded;
 Thine was talent, worth was thine,
 Thy bosom, feeling's portal,—
 Who shall weep?—at yonder shrine
 Thou flourishest immortal!

There are tears when manhood sleeps,
 With corruption blended;
 There is balm when friendship weeps
 Genius, worth, ascended!
 Yes, we wept, when thou didst not,—
 Shade! forgive the error;
 Yea, we tremble, thou couldst not,
 At the king of terror.

Farewell, farewell—Spirit! yet
 Say, 'tis not forever;—
 Farewell, farewell! 'tis to meet,
 Meet, no more to sever;
 Skies may vanish—earth decay—
 Honour, Virtue, fly not;
 Worlds on worlds may roll away,
GENIUS, FEELING, DIE NOT!



MAN LIETH DOWN, AND RISETH NOT AGAIN, TILL THE HEAVENS BE
 NO MORE.—*Job.*

SOFT are the slumbers of the reckless tomb;
 Quiet dwells there,—its inmate brooding peace:
 The still inhabitant heeds not the gloom
 Of night, nor starts when morn awakes in bloom,
 The wanderer rests, and cares and sorrows cease.

Yet shall these forms forever pillow there?
 Shall dust with dust its lasting kin compare?

O, THOU UNSEEN! shall thy creation sleep,
 Mingled with earth, and dark corruption share,
 Where silence, drear, and death, their vigils keep?
 We bless Thee for the cheering hope revealed,
 Where INSPIRATION sheds its living ray,
 Which, quickening vision, shows the grave unsealed,
 And myriads rising to eternal Day!

WHEN o'er long night the bursting dawn,
 In youthful bloom appeared;
 When Angels hymned the rising morn,
 And songs in heaven were heard:
 Amid the burning orbs that gem'd
 Jehovah's viewless throne,—
 In native glory diadem'd,
 One Star illumed alone.

On Palestine, fair Solyma,
 Benignantly serene,
 Precursor of a brighter day,
 The harbinger was seen:
 The captive saw the symbol shine—
 His broken fetters fell;
 The Shepherd marked the peerless sign
 That told IMMANUEL!

In latter time we view it burn,
 With undiminished ray;
 It leads the Pagan's glad return,
 It cheers the wanderer's way;
 With influence sweet, illuming far,
 Its beam to peace inclines;
 From East to West, the holy star,
 The star of JESUS shines!

LA FAYETTE.

Son of valor! Heir of glory!
 Noble by the patriot's line;
 Gallant warrior! Chieftain hoary!
 Immortality is thine.
 Wreath the laurel, Muses! wreath it,
 'Tis for no ignoble name;
 Breathe the song, Inspirers! breathe it,
 Worthy of the Vet'ran's fame!

When a people, true to bravery,
 Saw the storm-cloud gathering nigh,
 Heard the manacles of slavery
 Rattle in the turbid sky,—
 Triumph! thou, who liv'st to say it,
 Then arose proud Victory's son,—

**Crushed is slavery! for LA FAYETTE
Wears the meed that valor won!**

**Haste! ye nobles, vainly borrow
Lustre from the scroll of peers,
While it dies, the name of Warrior
Brightens with the touch of years!
And, though mingled with his fathers,
In the slumbers of the tomb,
Time, who saps the palace, gathers
For the Hero, fresher bloom.**

**Go, and mark him!—shades of even
Soon shall lurk around his bed,—
Go, and mark him!—winds of heaven
Soon shall sweep that wintry head,—
Yet with flowers will we array it,
Fairer than the poet's dream;
Perish Silence! when LA FAYETTE
Is a nation's grateful theme!**

STAR OF THE SHEPHERD.

THE minstrels of Judah have sunk to their rest;
The song and the tabret no longer are heard;
The watchmen of Zion, with slumber opprest
Repose on the walls where the Syrian appeared.

And the beauty of Israel, forgotten, hath fled,
 And darkness envelops Jerusalem now,—
 No night-lamp illumines the place of the dead,
 Save the star that beams lonely on Olivet's brow.

'Tis the Star of the Shepherd! and long hath it shone
 With the gems of the morning, on Galilee's plain;
 'Tis the herald of Bethlehem! but palely, alone,
 Gleams the purest and loveliest of night's azure
 train.

Shall the herald of Bethlehem in sadness appear?
 The symbol no longer on Solyma shine?
 Shall the Star of the Shepherd, once lovely and clear,
 Die away o'er the mountains of fair Palestine?

Rejoice!—for the Daughter of Judah, no more,
 Shall array in the sackcloth, O Zion, for thee;
 Thy light hath arisen! from Egypt's dark shore
 It illumines afar to Gennesaret's Sea.



MISSION TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

WAKE, Isles of the South! your redemption is near,
 No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
 The Strength of His chosen, in love will appear,
 And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb!

The billows that girt ye, the wild waves that roar,
 The zephyrs that play where the ocean-storms cease,
 Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
 Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
 The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
 The morning will open with healing and light,
 The young star of Bethlehem will ripen to Day!

The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
 The incense forbade that was hallowed with blood,—
 The Priest of Melchisedec there shall atone,
 And the shrines of Atooi be sacred to God!

The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
 The day-spring, the prophet, in vision, once saw,—
 When the beams of Messiah will 'lumine each clime,
 And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

And thou, OBOOKIAH!* now sainted above,
 Wilt rejoice as the heralds their mission disclose;
 And the prayer will be heard, that the land thou
 didst love,
 May blossom as Sharon, and bud as the rose!

* Henry Obookiah, a young native of the Sandwich isles, arrived in America a few years since, and while preparing to return to his countrymen as a Christian preacher, died at Cornwall, Connecticut.

THE BROOK KEDRON.

THE day hath fled, on Salem's tower
 The trembling moon-beam calmly shines;
Hushed is the song in court and bower,
 And worshipless the holy shrines.

'Tis night, Jerusalem is still,
 And lost in sleep are bond and free;
Her streets, her vale, the holy hill
 Repose in sweet tranquillity.

Repose they all?—have none from sleep
 Aroused, to sigh o'er Zion's blight?—
Retire not some, alone, to weep—
 Wake not a faithful few this night?

Yes! and along the beetling brow
 Of his beloved Olivet;
The Man, afflicted, wanders now,
 And there have his disciples met.

How sad the greeting! who may tell
 The tenderness which in that look
Burst forth, when Jesus wept farewell
 To those he loved, by Kedron's brook!

SONG OF MIRIAM,

THE PROPHETESS.*

Sing ye to Him whose wondrous power,
* Arrayed in viewless dread—
Hath blighted the Egyptian's flower,
And strewed his place with dead.

Sing ye to Him who walled the path,
That ransomed Israel trod;
Who brought again the billowy wrath,
At his Almighty rod.

Sing ye to Him who rode the cloud,
And turned the night to day;
Who crushed the chariots of the proud,
Whose pillar led the way.

Sing to the Lord! whose arm alone,
Hath cleft the foaming sea;
The horse, and rider, overthrown,
And set the captive free.

* And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand: and Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—*Exod. xv. 20, 21.*

AND I SAID, O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE, FOR THEN WOULD I
FLY AWAY AND BE AT REST.—*David.*

THE soul that wings her airy flight
To yonder fields of starry blue,
With rapture greets empyrion light,
And basks in pleasures ever new;
And if—enthroned in bliss above,
She bends a lingering look below,
Doth not some throb of pity move,
For those that tread this vale of wo?

O! could I stretch my pathless way
To climes afar, how small would seem
The griefs that cloud this feeble day,
The joys that gild life's passing dream:
Then would I smile—the secret tear,
If tear might wet those courts of joy,—
Would flee, and love, serene, endear
The angel bliss that ne'er can cloy.

Yet, courage!—though the angry storm
Hath spent its force around thy head;
Though sorrows lurk in every form,
And all but trembling hope hath fled:

Yet burns there still, a steady ray,
 For those that weep in sunless gloom,
 The Star that points the wanderer's way,
RELIGION—shines beyond the tomb!

BEAUTIFUL Scio! thou wast fair,
 Gem of the Archipelago!
 Thou shon'st like morning's lovely star
 Riv'ling its sisters;—thine the glow
 Of skies, deliciously serene,
 Along thy vales the evergreen
 The vine and olive flourished,—
 Thy maidens dwelt with innocence,
 Thy young men, Liberty had nourished,
 Her proud invincible defence;
 Beautiful Scio! thou wast fair,
 Gem of the Archipelago!
 At morn, a voice was heard in thee,
 It was the voice of gladness,—
 The star of peace arose on thee,
 'Tis shrouded now in sadness!
 Star of the Grecian! thou hast set
 In darkness, o'er yon Eden-isle;
 Thine altars fall'n, the minaret
 Rises o'er tears, and blood, and spoil!

And thou art now a hideous wild
 Where reckless Ruin drives its share
 O'er hapless mother and the child,
 Beautiful Scio! once so fair,
 Gem of the Archipelago!

O SAY, have you seen the meteor of night,
 Exhaling its dim and wandering light,
 So cheerless the ray, and ominous bright?
 It sheds a gleam where no flower will grow,
 It hovers o'er relics that moulder below.

O say, can you tell of the Siroc air,
 That sweeps the wild desert, all lonely and bare,
 The dreary abode of brooding despair?—
 To the wretch, sad and wildered, no balm can it
 bring,
 It pierces his soul with its scorpion sting.

And such the Dissembler's baleful eye,
 And such the Seducer's treacherous sigh,
 When to whisper delusion the demon is nigh;
 The hapless bosom is seared with the flame,
 And lost the pure blush in the crimson of shame.

GRAVE OF TELL.

THE wild rose lifts its head,
The weeping alders grow,
The aged thorn hath shed
Its flower in valley low;
Where 'neath the fir-tree green,
Which shades the lonely dell,
The moss-grown cairn is seen,
That marks the Grave of Tell!

The warrior hastens there,
His tribute, sad, to pay,
The pilgrim breathes a prayer,
The minstrel wakes the lay;
And oft the maiden's tear
Hath on the primrose fell;
That blooms where lone and drear,
Is seen the Grave of Tell.

The soldier grasps the brand,
For war and valor's spoil,—
To revenge a bleeding land,
To free his natal soil:
As memory opes the scroll
Of death to tyrants fell;
When at the war-drum's roll,
Arose the might of Tell!

When on the Grison brow,
 The ban' ret was unfurled;
 When in Lucerne low,
 The spearman's steel was hurled;
 'Twas then the arrowed dart,
 Unerring, told the knell,
 Of many a ruthless heart,
 The foe of Right and Tell.

The shout was long and loud,
 That crowned the battle fray,
 The laurel fair and proud,
 That wreathed the victor day!
 Gone is the patriot flame,
 It sank when Freedom fell—
 And sleeps Helvetia's fame,
 Within the Grave of Tell!

'Tis to the East the Hebrew bends,
 When morn unveils its brow;
 And while the evening rite ascends,
 The East receives his vow:
 Dear to the exile is the soil
 That reared JEHOVAH's Vine—
 Dear to the wretched heir of toil,
 Thy memory, Palestine!

'Tis to the East the Hebrew turns,
 The clime to prescience dear;
 When kindling recollection burns,
 When memory claims the tear:
 Land of the Patriarch! he recalls,
 The days of promise, when
 The timbrel rang along thy halls,
 And God communed with men.

Where Babel wept Judea's wrongs,
 The banished Hebrew sighs;
 Where Zion swelled her holy songs,
 His tribute seems to rise;
 And hope still wings his thought afar,
 It tells to those that roam,
 That HE who rode the cloudy car,
 Will guide his people home.

To thee MISSOURI! fancy woke the strain,
 While prescience hailed Compassion's simple lay,
 She fearless sang of Freedom's sylvan reign,
 When SLAVERY's night should yield to smiling day.

Raptured, she soared to fields of Eden-bloom,
 And winged her way to hope's Elysian sphere,—
 Alas! how changed! the vision fades in gloom,
 And naught remains but Pity's lonely tear!

Shame on the heart where avarice shrines a rest,
 And bids its victim seal the Afric's knell!
 Shame on my country! that within her breast,
 The hireling advocates of Slavery dwell.

Yet shall not feeling, manhood, ever sleep,
 The Star of Liberty sets not in night,—
 Where now, in solitude, its votaries weep,
 Shall glory rise, with new effulgence, bright.

Some happier age, in Legislation's halls,
 Thou, Eloquence! wilt break the accursed chain,—
 While Freedom's Genius towers along the walls,
 Nature shall plead—nor plead her rights in vain!

SONG OF JACOB

TO RACHEL.

O, who is she! ye swains declare,
 What Shepherdess that wanders nigh?
 Is she a form of earth, or air,
 The maid that meets my ravished eye?

Her locks are gem'd with Hermon's dew,
 Like night's star-ray her smiles are seen;
 Her eyes of morn's cerulean hue,
 Speak all the spotless soul within.

With sandals girt, to Haran's well,
 At noon the fainting Hebrew came;
 Her charms he heard the Shepherds tell,
 They sang of love, and Syria's Dame.

The maid that smiles so sweetly fair.
 Shall bless the weary pilgrim's toil;
 Like Sharon's rose her beauties are,
 The flower of blooming Padan's soil.

MUSIC.

Thou dear enchantress of the soul!
 Whose magic skill, life's ills canst calm;
 Whose nod can bid the whirlwind roll,
 Whose whisper can its rage disarm:

Sweet Music! I invoke thy power,
 Thou bid'st the aspiring spirit rise;
 Thou charm'st existence' tearful hour,
 Thou point'st each hope to yonder skies.

In life's drear maze I've wildered long,
 And sought for peace, but none could find,—
 Till listening to the thrilling song,
 My bosom owned its influence kind.

O, if to finite state be given,
 Some emanation from above,—
 Some foretaste of a brighter heaven,
 'Tis Music from the lips we love.

AND BABYLON, THE GLORY OF KINGDOMS, THE BEAUTY OF THE
 CHALDEE'S EXCELLENCY, SHALL BE OVERTHROWN; THE WILD BEAST
 OF THE ISLAND SHALL CRY IN HER DESOLATE HOUSES. *Isaiah.*

THE mart is a desert, and lone is the hall,
 Where the minstrel lent airs to the song and the feast;
 The fortress hath fallen, the fox treads the wall
 That girded thee, Babylon! Queen of the East.

How fair were thy graces, thou mistress of art,
 Thy daughters how lovely! in purple they shone,
 But the merchant that 'rayed thee, hath seen thee
 depart,
 And the mother of nations now wanders alone.

The trumpet of gladness no longer shall sound,
 The voice of the harper in slumber is sealed;
 The beauty of Chaldee no more will be found,
 For the lamp of the Holy illumines unrevealed!

The treasures of Ophir, the gem of the deep,
 The myrrh and the incense no solace afford;

Thy virgins, thy nobles, in solitude weep,
The march of the Syrian, the scathe of the Lord.

Rejoice, ye Apostles! thou heaven behold!
Ye martyrs, give strains to the Highest again;
Jehovah his chosen in love shall enfold,
And avenge the rich blood of the captive and slain.

THE rose that decks the laughing dale, is fair to
every view,
Its fragrant sweets embalm the gale, it buds with
varied hue;
Sweet is the rose—but in its bower, with proud, in-
truding mien,
Companion of the beauteous flower, the rugged thorn
is seen.

The lily to the fancy dear, in nature's vest is 'rayed,
It vies with morning's brilliant tear, and loves the
humble shade—
The lily of the vale is fair, the queen of Flora's bed:
But cheerless and unsightly there, the bramble rears
its head.

There is a land whose favoured soil, sees vernal
flowerets bloom,
Where cloudless skies forever smile, and cheering
suns illumine;

Immortal plants of Eden, fair, those heavenly fields
 adorn;
 The lily blooms unspotted there, and flowers without
 a thorn!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

DEAR minstrel! when I breathe thy name,
 What images of peace arise!
 My spirit longs to catch thy flame,
 And seek thee in thy native skies.

How true, how holy is the fire,
 That trembles o'er thy magic line!
 Devotion strung thy early lyre,
 The glow that thrilled thee, was divine.

Immortal now, thy wish is known,
 'Tis registered in Virtue's breast;
 While ages shall her graces own,
 Their annals shall thy worth attest.

Feeling will linger o'er thy tomb,
 Her tribute there, Religion brings;
 And pilgrim Pity, maid of bloom,
 Shall listen while her Poet sings.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

HAST thou, my soul! improved each power,
 With zeal, THIS DAY, for God and Man?
 Hath diligence marked every hour,
 As though this day might close the span?

O! if another opening morn,
 On earth, should never smile on thee—
 Wert thou to meet another dawn
 In yon unknown Eternity—

Shouldst thou with grief review this day,
 And tremble at JEHOVAH's rod?
 Or, would'st thou calmly soar away,
 To welcome an approving God?

No trophied column marks his humble dust,
 No victor laurel wreaths his plebian name,
 No weeping Naiad claims the lowly trust,
 Nor guards his manes who rests unknown to fame.

Yet shall the sigh, to generous feeling dear,
 Proclaim his worth who scorned the faithless part;
 Yet shall kind Pity's sympathizing tear,
 Embalm the memory of an honest heart!

JOB XXV.

THE moon that shines with peerless ray,
 The stars that gem yon vaulted way,
 Are brilliant to the mortal eye,
 But beamless to Infinity !

The brightest form on whom hath shone
 The glories of the viewless throne;
 Though burning with ethereal hue,
 Is shaded in JEHOVAH's view.

What then is man? a worm of earth,
 A being of inferior birth,
 That dares usurp the Thunderer's rod,
 And justify himself with God?

O YET once more the simple strain,
 Neglected lyre! renew the lay;
 The chord of memory touch again,
 And to the bowers of fairy childhood stray.

A chosen wreath let fancy twine,
 A garland to affection dear;
 To decorate ELIZA's shrine,
 The votive offering of a heart sincere.

May pleasure in her haunts be seen,
 And smiling peace the flowerets strew;
 Thou Hope illumine, when storms careen:
 Where thorns intrude, ye roses! flourish too.

May every sweet that can endear
 Life's passage, lend to her its charm;
 When patient suffering drops the tear,
 Thou, mild Religion! breathe thy soothing balm.

And O, when life's declining beam,
 Yields to the chastened shade of eve;
 May she glide down the waveless stream,
 While o'er its surface, gentle zephyrs breathe.

RELIGION! thou art all a noble theme
 For inspiration, thou thyself inspired;—
 Wakener of bliss! beyond the poet's dream,
 Daughter of Love! in majesty attired
 Thou walk'st the heavens, yet converse hold'st with
 men;—

Dweller in Light! within whose ample ken
 Lies the broad realm of happiness, I greet
 Thee, Essence, not approachless!—with glad feet
 Will I attend thee, fountain of my joy,
 And quaff at thy right hand pleasures that ne'er will
 cloy!

ODE TO SPAIN.

WRITTEN, 1820.

THE midnight, fair LEON! that shrouded thy ray,
 Is lost in the beaming cerulean of day!
 The cloud that hung o'er thee, with darkness hath
 fled,
 The sunshine of Freedom encircles thy head!

How beauteous the dawn when the night-spell was
 broke,
 When Liberty burst the legitimate yoke,
 When the caverns of crime were unlocked to the
 world,
 When the scroll of redemption was broadly unfurled.

When freemen combine, say! what force can control?
 What despot withstand the proud march of the soul?
 Rejoice then! the reign of confusion is o'er,
 The sword of the lawless, gleams deathly no more!

The engine of tyrants, the bolt and the chain,
 Ne'er shall rack, ne'er manacle thy children again;
 The hope of the Spaniard, the star of the brave,
 Mantles bright on the valley, and plays on the wave.

The mart of the merchant, the cot of the poor,
 Released, shall repine at Oppression no more;
 The soil of the peasant is wet with no tear,
 The vale and the mountain in gladness appear.

Thy sons, tried in valor, rejoice in the beam,
 Thy nobles, long slumbering, have scattered the
 dream:

PEACE heightens each rapture, it sweetens the toil,
 'Tis dear to the Patriot, still dearer his soil!

O, long may thy councils, rich sapience display,
 Thy monarchs direct with equitable sway,
 The Charter of Freedom, thy bulwark remain,
 And concord the pride of regenerate Spain.

Recal then the years when the boast of the foe,
 The invader in combat, thy vet'rans laid low!
 In fair Saragossa, the victor was seen,
 Andalusia still triumphs in days that have been.

Remember the altar! the blood-stained decree,—
 The oath is recorded, that Spain shall be free!
 Then renew the proud compact, each patriot-heart
 swear,
 The Rights dearly purchased, no time shall impair.

TO *****

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT BROTHER.

O WEEP no more affection's doom,
 Forbid, sweet girl! the sigh,
 This floweret crushed in morning's bloom,
 Revives, no more to die!

It budded gay, and fair to view,
 The pride of Love's parterre,
 But blighted soon, its tints withdrew,
 Too frail to blossom here.

O weep no more those graces dead,
 Those charms so dear to love,
 So sweet—from earth have only fled,
 They thrive in fields above.

They flourish now, where early dews
 Of Eden-skies descend;
 They bourgen, where unfading hues,
 Of joy, immortal, blend.

O then, dear girl! thy sorrows cease,
 Restrain affliction's tear;
 Weep not the spirit's glad release,
 For thou shalt meet it there.

WHEN thou calmly sleepest in the dust, love!
 And on thy grave the tall grass grows,
 Will it be thine to think of him, love!
 Whose widowed tear, in secret, flows?

When thou gladly seekest thy native bowers,
 And revellest in thy Eden-bliss,
 Wilt thou not, as thou weavest yon world's flowers,
 Lend a thought to the few, Love gave in this?

When mortality's tie is loosed, and never
 Shall delights that have charmed thee, charm thee
 more,
 When the cloud of grief has gone, and forever,—
 And the sigh and tear, alike, are o'er;

Say, wilt thou not, sometimes, love!
 Awhile, leave the shrines that ceaseless burn—
 And warmed with the glow of remembrance, love!
 To the scenes of affection, fondly return?

O, surely, thy spirit will meet in heaven,
 Some dear reminiscence of days that have flown;
 And the thought that to the past is given,
 Will be pure as the Holiest before the throne!

WORSHIP.

HOLY be this, as was the place
 To him, of Padan-aram known,
 When Abram's God revealed his face
 And caught the pilgrim to the throne:
 O, how transporting was the glow
 That thrilled his bosom, mixed with fear,
 "Lo! the Eternal walks below—
 The Highest tabernacles here!"

Be ours, when faith and hope grow dim,
 The glories which the Patriarch saw;
 And when we faint, may we like him
 Fresh vigour from the vision draw.
 Heaven's lightning hovered o'er his head,
 And flashed new splendours on his view,—
 Break forth, thou **SUN!** and freely shed
 Glad rays upon our Bethel too.

'Tis ours to sojourn in a waste
 Barren and cold as Shinar's ground;
 No fruits of Eschol charm the taste,
 No streams of Meribah are found,—
 But Thou canst bid the desert bud
 With more than Sharon's rich display;
 But Thou canst bid the cooling flood
 Gush from the rock and cheer the way.

We tread the path thy people trode,
 Alternate sunshine, bitter tears;
 Go Thou before, and with thy rod
 Divide the Jordan of our fears.
 Be ours the song of triumph given,
 Angelic themes to lips of clay,—
 And ours the holy harp of heaven,
 Whose strain dissolves the soul away.

TO ———, OF NEW-YORK.

WRITTEN DURING THE PESTILENCE OF 1822.

KINDRED! with you, wrapt in fears,
 Stricken by affliction's rod,
 Be it ours to mingle tears—
 We have heard the voice of God!
 In your street, the sigh of anguish,
 Steals upon the shudd'ring ear,
 On your couch are those that languish,
 Destined to another sphere.

Fathers hasten to the tomb;
 Lo, in dust the matron lies,—
 Blighted is the maiden's bloom,
 Where the stern Death-Angel flies;

Mute, the cheerful note of gladness,
 Mirth forsakes her favourite spot,—
 Hark! the midnight sob of sadness,
 Mothers weep—the babe is not!

Now in death's appalling hour,
 When the thunder-bolt is nigh,
 Spare the victims! Sovereign Power!
 Walk in robes of mercy by.
 On the wings of earnest prayer
 Shall, for these, our incense rise,—
 Wafted to yon altar, there
 Smile upon the sacrifice!

I SEE thee not, my brother!—thou art far
 From me, removed to thy empyrion—
 Thou dwellest in the chambers of the star;
 Inhabitant of yon returnless bourne,
 Where mortality comes not—yet in sleep
 I saw thee. 'Twas a vision of the night,
 When fancy, roused, no more would vigils keep,
 When all within was holy, calm and bright.
 I saw thee as thou wast;—Though many a flower
 Of summer birth, has flourished on thy bed—
 Though many a cold and wintry blast has swept
 The spot where thou hast pillowed thy head—

The spot where I in boyhood's laughing hour,
 Forgot my mirth and o'er thy memory wept;
 My brother! I saw thee, and thou didst seem
 Like naught of earth—a shadowy, pleasing dream—
 A voiceless vision, beck'ning me away
 To skiey fields, where love's pure fountain flows
 'Mid landscapes, sunn'd by an unclouded day,
 Where pilgrims dwell—the weary find repose.
 Methought 'twas by a river's brink we walked:
 How touching was night's silence! Echo talked
 Along the breezes, on the eddy air
 Came dying murmurs;—music, too, was there,
 Music unheard, yet felt, the harmony
 That soothes the spirit in the parting hour,
 That hails the disembodied to their bower.
 'Twas invitation all;—I strove to follow thee—
 My brother! I sought again thy speaking eye,
 But thou wast gone.—There was naught left with
 me;
 The stars shone coldly in the clear blue sky;
 The lonely night-wind, murmuring, past by.

END.

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